New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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IN FLEET STREET
Francis Williams
Claud Cockburn

★

MID-AUTUMN
BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

★

ALEXANDER WERTH
Soviet Literature

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
Boswell's Conscience

★

The Future
of Greater London

★

Motor Car Design

★

The Kibbutz Girl

Labour's Week-end of Decision

THIS week-end the Parliamentary Labour Party must make up its mind who is to be its leader and what sort of leadership it wants. On the right stands Mr Gaitskell: he supports the policy of 'fight, fight, fight' against the defence decision of the Scarborough conference and argues that there can be no compromise between the unilateralist vote and the multilateralist views expressed in the Executive resolution which was defeated. In the centre stands Mr Wilson: he argues that a half-way house along the road to implementing the conference decision can be found and that, if it is not sought, the party will tear itself to pieces in fratricidal strife.

Wilson, it should be noted, is no unilateral disarmer; together with George Brown and others, he was one of the principal authors of the official statement on defence which formed the basis of the unsuccessful Executive resolution. It is to be assumed, therefore, that he too would be thankful to see the conference change its mind – or at least that he would be in favour of treading the road towards unilateralism with extreme caution. He is making known his full views on the defence issue this week. But the public difference between the two men is not essentially about defence, but about how to face the dilemma which arises now that the conference and the parliamentary party have so sharply diverged. The real issue, therefore, is seen to be one of leadership.

Mr Gaitskell himself would scarcely deny that the short-term consequences of his policy would be very damaging. He argues – perhaps with reason, for nobody knows – that despite the conference vote, a majority of party members are anti-unilateralist; and he knows that to be true of a majority of Labour MPs. Therefore, he reasons, by using the parliamentary party to veto the conference, he will gain a year in which to manoeuvre for a change of vote by one or other of the big unions and so a reversal of this year's decision. (At that stage, presumably, the block vote would become respectable again, and it would be an offence against discipline to oppose the conference.) It is of course conceivable that this tactic would succeed – but at what cost! Not only would Gaitskell and his Whips be unable to maintain cohesion in the parliamentary party but the leadership would be declaring war twice over on the rank and file outside: on the 50 per cent, or more or less, who agree with the terms of the Scarborough decision and on the far greater percentage who hold that the general will of the Labour Party is expressed through its conference.

In practical terms this would mean two Labour parties. The substantial minority of the parliamentary party which accepts the aim of unilateral disarmament would certainly refuse to vote or speak at one and the same time against their convictions, their consciences and the decisions of the conference. Nor could they be disciplined by a machine which depends for its ultimate sanctions, not on the Shadow Cabinet in parliament, but on the National Executive – which is the guardian and administrator of conference decisions. So the party would be split in two – not so very far from the middle – and the leader, instead of being a symbol of unity, would be the partisan spokesman for one of the factions.

Outside parliament the fight would be on in every Labour organisation in the country; and it would no longer be conducted within the accepted rules of Labour Party dialogue. For the authority of the conference, the sovereign body to which constituency party arguments are constitutionally addressed, would be repudiated by one side of the debate, which, with the enormous authority of the party leader, would be seeking to transfer the decision-making powers of the conference to a body which is not directly answerable to the rank and file. As in the parliamentary party, the argument would be bitter and would involve the person of the leader in a purely factional role. But this time the division would be not merely between the unilateralists and the multilateralists, but

between those who believe that the rank and file of party workers must be the ultimate fountain of authority and those who hold that the gentlemen from Westminster know best.

It is difficult to imagine a more certain way of destroying the coalition of progressive interests on which the Labour Party has been traditionally based. Yet, that this prospect is not exaggerated is attested by C. A. R. Crosland's astonishing article in the American journal *New Leader*. Crosland, it will be recalled, is not only the leading theoretician of Labour right-wing revisionism, but is perhaps Gaitskell's closest political confidant and adviser. Writing immediately before Scarborough of the possibility of defeat for the leadership, he prophesied:

> At first sight this presages total disaster for the party . . . Yet in practice things might work out very differently. . . . Gaitskell, faced with such a situation, would not resign, but would offer himself for re-election to the leadership (which of course is by the parliamentary group, not the conference) on the strict understanding that, despite the conference decision, he would if elected continue to express a pro-Nato, anti-unilateralist policy. He would no doubt be challenged by some rival . . . We should then have for the first time in the party's history a direct confrontation of the parliamentary group and the conference . . . Even if some face-saving compromise were found, things would never be quite the same again. The parliamentary leadership would have asserted at least some degree of independence, and the policy-making role of the conference would be to some extent devalued.

In the same article he writes – and this is clearly relevant to his purpose of 'devaluing' the conference:

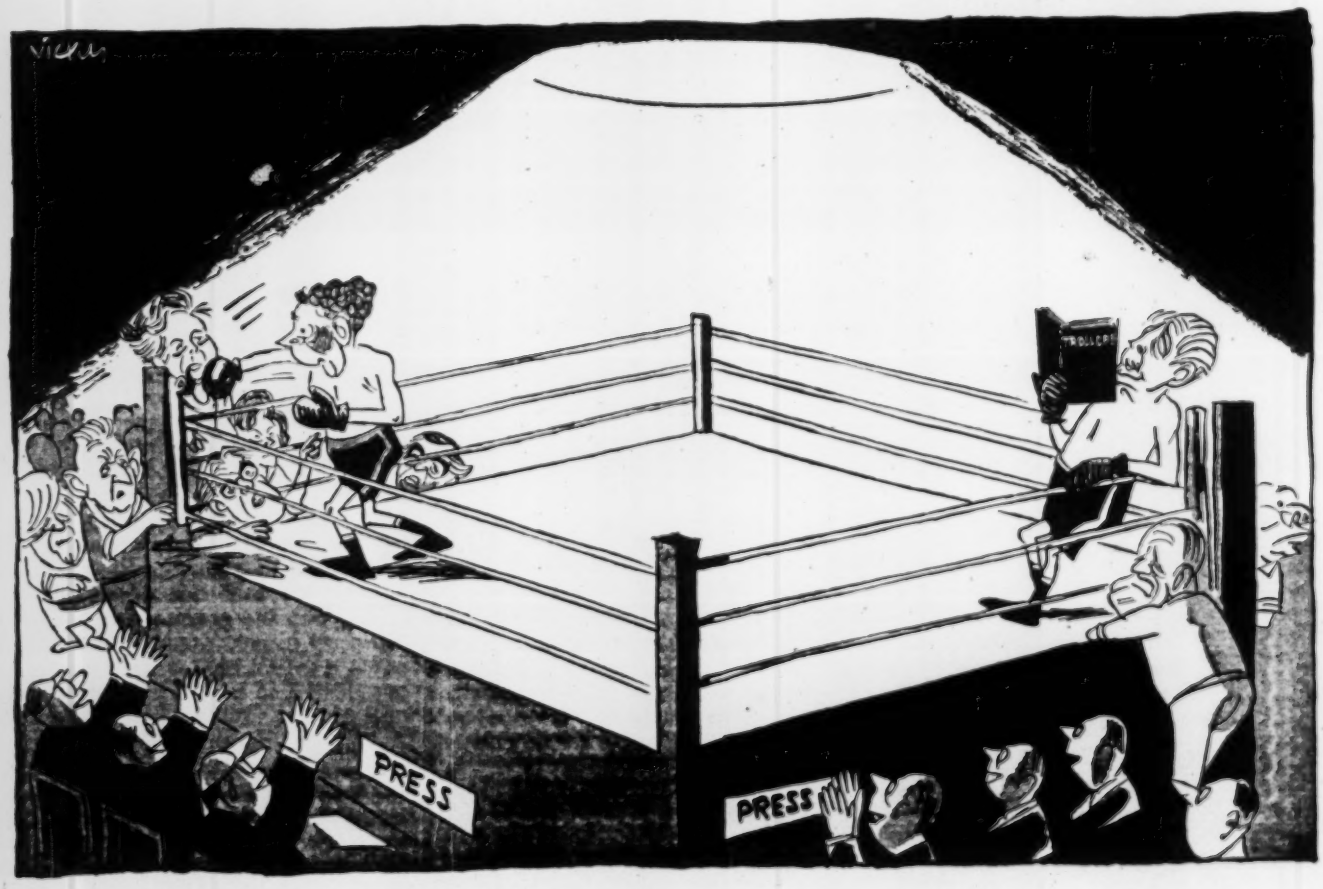
> Labour's working-class image is increasingly an electoral liability . . . Hence the more Labour's policy is openly determined by the block votes of the trade unions and not by its representatives in parliament, the more the party appears as a working-class party and the less its electoral appeal . . . Most political analysts believe that the Labour Party will move from this [declining electoral] trend only if major and radical changes can be made in its class image, its basic doctrine, its organisation and its internal distribution of power.

One would have said that Gaitskell's course of action was too much touched with delusion to be quite credible were there not so much evidence that he sees the power of the conference as a menace to the sort of Labour Party he wants to lead.

Is there then a reasonable alternative to a head-on crash between the two halves of the party? The evidence suggests that there is. The Executive resolution, defeated at Scarborough, was itself a working compromise, which delineated the widest area of agreement between those who believed that Britain must, *as an act of principle*, abandon her nuclear defences and those who recognised that, *as a matter of fact*, an independent British deterrent was no longer practicable and that British bases would continue to be relevant for a limited period only. This resolution wholly satisfied very few people and would have been opposed in any case by some out-and-out unilateralists. But it firmly set defence in the context of foreign policy; it embodied all the steps towards unilateralism which were reasonably practicable in the early future and it did not ask the multilateralists to go further than their own current analysis permitted. It was rejected by the T and GW, as well as by many other moderate unilateralists, solely because it was offered under Gaitskell's leadership; because of his manifest personal faith in the value of an independent British deterrent and his extreme reluctance to compromise; because, in a word, the left of the party, and much of the centre, was unwilling to entrust him with a decision which would have required a good deal of subsequent 'interpreting'.

That particular half-way house is no longer available; but its existence – and above all George Brown's insistence that it could be squared with the T and GW brand of moderate unilateralism – proves that conciliation is possible. It will not however be achieved under Gaitskell – and that is where Harold Wilson comes in. Once the unilateralists, in the person of Anthony Greenwood, had accepted Gaitskell's challenge to 'fight, fight, fight', it became essential for some man of the centre who desired conciliation to stand between them and challenge the whole notion that the Labour Party must be torn to tatters in a dispute where, since the Blue Streak fiasco, both factors and opinions are changing so rapidly as to make dogmatism quite pointless. Any one of several candidates might have come forward: it can hardly be doubted that in Wilson the conciliators have found the ablest and the most politically adroit man available.

Hugh Gaitskell has outstanding personal qualities of intellect, courage, integrity and humanity: it is indeed the reverse side of these very qualities which makes him so disastrous as a party leader. Too often his virtues betray him into attitudes which are dogmatic, obstinate, arrogant and patronising. The Labour Party, if it is to remain based on a mass following, must be led from the centre, not from the extreme of either of its wings, and with sufficient flexibility to allow the reconciliation at any given moment of a wide spread of doctrine in agreement on a practical programme of limited action. The record of the Labour Party over the last year, which includes not only the present unneces-



sary conflict over defence, but also the humiliating tragi-comedy of Clause Four, suggests that under its present type of leadership it cannot much longer survive as a single party.

Gaitskell has always found his strength among Labour MPs and he is expecting to survive this crisis. Indeed, the plan to 'devalue' the conference would never have been laid if his advisers had not felt certain that he had the Parliamentary Labour Party in his pocket. Nevertheless, every vote which is cast against him in this election is an indication that the MP who casts it will no longer tolerate a policy deliberately designed to lead the party into civil war. If there are enough of them, Gaitskell, even in victory, will not be able to ignore them.

Comments on the Week's News

Paris

The Beginning of the End?

A Correspondent writes: Although the opposition motion of censure on M. Debré's government on Monday received only 207 votes (some 277 would have been required to overturn it) this figure by no means reflects the full extent of parliamentary hostility – which indeed is now directed not so much at Debré as at General de Gaulle himself. Many centre and right deputies undoubtedly abstained from voting (abstentions, under the Fifth Republic, count in effect as votes for the government) in an effort to avoid a crisis at this juncture. They are aware that Debré and his colleagues are merely voicing the General's views; to replace them by another set of puppets, and still more to plunge the country into an election, would positively invite a trial of strength with the anti-parliamentary forces, who are now openly plotting armed revolt. This hesitation to defy de Gaulle is, indeed, a recognition of an increasingly obvious fact: under the Fifth Republic, unlike its predecessor, each crisis is not a crisis of government – but a crisis of the regime itself.

Moreover, the opposition is hopelessly divided among itself. The Socialists, MRP and Radicals voted against the government in protest against de Gaulle's increasingly wild policies towards Nato and his failure to make peace in Algeria; many independents and wild men like M. Bidault, on the other hand, voted in protest against the self-determination policy.

There is as yet no wide measure of agreement on any alternative policy, except possibly on Nato, where most parliamentarians would like to see France make peace with other western powers (this view may not be shared, however, by the bulk of the public, which has greeted the General's chauvinistic speeches with delight). Still less is there any agreement on a successor to M. Debré, or on any presidential alternative should de Gaulle resign, as he occasionally threatens to do nowadays. There seems to be a general consensus (except on the extreme right) that the General is more necessary than ever. For, now that General Salan has taken it upon himself to become the spokesman – and the organiser – of military and *colon* opposition to the regime, the threat of a *coup* is daily becoming more explicit.

The last few weeks, therefore, have brought the events of recent years into true perspective. The Fourth Republic collapsed not because its constitution was unworkable, but because its governments lacked the will to solve the Algerian problem. The Fifth Republic – with a radically different constitution – is also heading for disaster and for exactly the same reason. Now that the Algerians have succeeded at last in getting open Soviet backing, they are scarcely likely to lower the terms which de Gaulle rejected so brutally earlier this year; but equally, since de Gaulle's present inactivity now fails to satisfy the extreme right, he is hardly able to make a further attempt at negotiations – unless of course he is willing to risk an open clash with the army.

Rome

Ides of November

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The November local elections will have a profound political significance. The acute crisis of the Italian Catholic regime which started earlier in the year when the right-wing Liberal Party withdrew its support from the Christian Democrat government of Sr. Segni, has been patched up only by a temporary compromise. When Tambroni finally resigned, Fanfani, leader of the left wing of the Christian Democrat Party, formed a government, by obtaining the abstention of Pietro Nenni's Socialist Party in the parliamentary voting, although the Communists voted against. He is obliged to co-habit in this government with the leader of the right wing of the Christian Democrat Party, Scelba, now Minister of the Interior. The programme and ideals of these two men are diametrically opposed. Fanfani believes that the essence of Christianity is social justice, not sterile anti-Communism. He now has definite agrements to form a Catholic-Socialist government, founded upon an alliance of the Christian Democrats with the Nenni Socialists.

Scelba, it appears, also aims at becoming Italy's next premier, and has already stated that, in order to save Italy from Nenni, he would prefer a government with the extreme right. The Italian pro-government press has already taken sides in the Fanfani-Scelba duel. *Messaggero* and *La Stampa* are with Fanfani; *Corriere della Sera* and *Tempo* with Scelba.

In general, the policy of the Christian Democrat party is to maintain the monopoly of power at all costs. Officially, the party still leaves itself the possibility of collaborating with either the right or the left parties as the moment suits. The internal battle is now taking place around the candidates in the electoral lists. At Rome, for instance, Fanfani is opposed to the re-election of the much discredited Christian Democrat mayor, Ciocetti, kept on his throne by Fascist votes. Vatican elements like Cardinal Micara are supporting Ciocetti but the left wing of the party will vote for a Fanfani candidate to be Mayor of Rome.

At the last Central Committee meeting of the Socialist Party, Nenni would have liked to make an unequivocal statement of collaboration with Fanfani, without making any promises to the Communists. The left wing prevented this. The result was that the Socialists and Communists have now agreed to have unified electoral lists in towns of over 10,000 inhabitants. A great victory for Nenni has been the entry into his lists of the Radical Party, with important names like Villabruna and Scalfari. Nenni hopes to have a considerable increase of votes – which would much facilitate the formation of a Fanfani government backed by the Socialists. The Communists aim chiefly at holding their ground and do not expect any spectacular advances. Some votes may even be lost to Nenni. Communist advice to the population is to vote at all costs against the Christian Democrats.

The next government crisis has thus been postponed until after these elections. If the Liberals increase their votes there will probably be a four-party coalition government under Scelba. If the Liberals have no success this will be a defeat for the Confindustria (the all-powerful association of industrial monopolists) and the prospects of the Fanfani-Nenni entente will be brighter.

Westminster

Head Hunting

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* One would have expected the Parliamentary Labour Party to meet this week in an atmosphere of suspicion. 'Is that fellow for Gaitskell or against? . . . Lower your voice, here comes Patrick Gordon Walker . . . Once the vote's over, we'll send that barefooted bastard back to Milnsbridge' . . . Such were the snatches one expected to glean as one passed the buzzing groups in corridor or corner. Reality, however, has been otherwise; and, curiously enough, some of the credit for this must go to Mr James Callaghan.

Callaghan's determined thrusts towards the summit have long been a recognised part of the parliamentary scene; and, true to form, when he goes for the deputy leadership he is not content with the normal practice of merely accepting nomination but must call

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the press boys together and, flanked by aides, issue an election manifesto. As a result, instead of glaring at each other when they met, the pro- and anti-Gaitskell factions stopped to ask each other: 'And when are you going to hold *your* press conference?'

The good humour, even the cheerfulness of personal relations, has been one of the more surprising facts in the reassembly. A member of 'Victory for Socialism' said to a member of 'Victory for Sanity': 'You boys not only want to rescind the conference decision on defence. You want to rescind even the decisions on which conference was unanimous' – and the 'Victory for Sanity' man laughed. It was not like this in the Bevanite days. Probably the main reason is that both sides are glad that the question of the leadership, which has been kept uneasily just below the surface these many months, is at last out in the open. Both sides have disliked the whispers behind the hand. They greatly prefer the open clash and are jockeying each other joyfully as they swoop, three, even four at a time, on some defenceless neutral and wrestle for his soul. The neutral tries to fend them off. The arguments are switched to meet the supposed requirements of each particular audience and nobody worries about what is happening in the Chamber, except Mr Bob Mellish and Mr Frank Bowles who, quaintly enough, are busy launching attacks upon the Tories.

What the outcome of all this may be one can only guess. There are some surprises in each line-up, with a few members, usually classed as left, supporting Gaitskell and a few, invariably classed as right, opposing him. Some members are making up their minds solely on the issue of the conference decision on defence, others solely on the leader's declared attitude to the conference. Still others rumble, rumble about Clause Four. Not everyone sees it as a clear issue of whether, regardless of one's view on particular policies, one considers Gaitskell a suitable man to lead the party. So even the most accomplished bookmakers among members are having difficulty in working out the odds.

The only forecast which gets wide backing is that the present cheerfulness will not last. 'Randolph and Nabarro are doing us a good turn', said one Labour member.

'Yes,' said another, 'but you can bet your boots that before the week is out, Shinwell will be suing Strachey or *vice versa*.' Behind the bustle and the good humour there lurks everywhere an unpleasant feeling that in 12 months time the real state of the party may be even worse than it is today.

Africa

Chaos in Congo

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Bloodshed, confusion and disintegration have developed apace in the Congo. With armed, undisciplined troops, owing allegiance to several or to no masters, roaming the country and particularly the streets of Leopoldville, law and safety have virtually disappeared. Meanwhile UN troops stand by and watch. Without a massive army and clear instructions the United Nations cannot be expected to restore peace and order. The lesson which is being taught is surely that the United Nations is equipped to put down sudden outbursts of violence and possibly to do a police job; beyond this its intervention can only be salutary where the great powers are agreed and there is a clear opportunity for political settlement. Neither of these conditions has ever been present in the Congo. The tragedy is that not only have the eyes of the world suddenly turned to the United Nations, but the leaders of the independent African state seemed to consider that a personal appearance at New York was more important than taking responsibility for what was happening in the heart of their continent. It would surely have been more beneficial to Africa if President Nkrumah and Sekou Touré had been trying to arbitrate in Leopoldville instead of making speeches in New York. If they will now turn their efforts to solving the political problems in the Congo, there may yet be a chance to use the UN troops and administrators for a constructive purpose.

The Dilemma in Southern Rhodesia

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The main effects of the Monckton Report are concentrated, as was expected, in Southern Rhodesia – where the white politicians and their followers are in a terrible dilemma. No-one supposes that in the present temper of Southern Rhodesia any white politician could force abolition of the colour bar or a drastic breach in white political monopoly on the white electorate. Yet the only alternative is a break-up of the Federation and consequent isolation for Southern Rhodesia. The white population is slowly beginning to realise that this will mean the loss of revenues from the Northern Rhodesia copper belt, scuttle by capital, and responsibility for a large public debt. White luxury in Southern Rhodesia would be largely destroyed. Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister, is himself reflecting this dilemma; at one moment he proclaims his support for Welensky's defence for federation; at the next, he declares that if black nationalism comes to the north, Southern Rhodesia must have the right to secede. Meanwhile, his opposition, the Dominion Party, is clamouring for Southern Rhodesia to go it alone in defence of white supremacy. It may be partly in order to outbid this strong opposition that Sir Edgar has taken the dangerous course of trying to suppress African discontent by sending troops into the African townships. His excuse that their purpose is to weed out unemployed loafers will convince no-one, least of all the Africans.

In fact the number of unemployed currently in the African townships is largely due to Sir Edgar's agrarian policy embodied in the Land Husbandry Act, which is forcing Africans off the land into the towns where they cannot find work. History reminds us that this combination of economic hopelessness and political frustration is explosive. It cannot be contained by the *laager*-mentality, which is leading the Southern Rhodesian whites into inevitable dependence on South African support, just at the moment when Afrikaner nationalism is triumphant there. Meanwhile, Sir Roy Welensky's bluster has quickly subsided as he finds himself increasingly isolated. He is now facing the choice of accepting the Monckton proposals, which would mark the collapse of his support in Southern Rhodesia, or making a last-ditch stand together with the Southern Rhodesians, which would certainly entail a break-up of the Federation. The ultimate logic of white supremacy is fast approaching its moment of truth.

NEXT WEEK

'Critic' in Czechoslovakia

Situation Desperate
A Report of Tension in Notting Hill

The Nazi Regime
by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Fleet Street

The Radical Future

FRANCIS WILLIAMS writes: If any demonstration were needed of the reserves of journalistic integrity and radical enthusiasm that Mr Laurence Cadbury and his friends cold-bloodedly tossed aside when they killed the *News Chronicle*, it would be provided by the activities of the action committee set up by its staff. Mr Cadbury may have trundled the body off to the undertakers, but so far as they are concerned its soul goes marching on. Meeting every day, the action committee is doing everything in its power to keep alight the issues raised by the murder of the *News Chronicle* and *Star* and to explore every possibility of getting going some new radical publication which could keep alive the spirit of the *News Chronicle*.

It would be idle to pretend that the financial difficulties ahead are not tremendous. They are bound, I am afraid, to stand in the way of any attempt to launch a new radical daily, small in size, and aiming first at only a fairly restricted quality sale, which has been discussed on the basis of plans actually put up to the *News Chronicle* management by senior members of the staff some time ago and ignored – as so much else that required positive effort and thought was ignored. Such a plan might conceivably just have come off if it could have been attempted while the *News Chronicle* was still alive. It is infinitely more difficult now, unless those Liberal groups which sought to save the *News Chronicle* at the last minute are prepared to put up money of a really substantial order and, having found it, to take a very considerable gamble with it.

Even a news weekly, which has also been discussed, would despite, of course, much lower production costs, have a very tough fight ahead of it. It could not in my view be started with any hope of success without a very minimum of at least £50,000 behind it. Indeed I would put the figure at much nearer £100,000 – and this would still be small compared with what one of the big, established publishing houses would think necessary for such a venture. Moreover, the problems of circulation building by adequate distribution through wholesale and retail newsagent outlets, which are more and more geared to handling big – or at the very least well-established – sellers, would be enormous. Another idea which is being considered and which is possibly more immediately feasible is the setting up of a news and feature agency which would keep together those of the *News Chronicle* and *Star* staffs who have not so far been absorbed by other newspapers. Such a protest would have the advantage of keeping together, against the day when something more ambitious might be possible, at least a nucleus of a staff which had a cohesion and loyalty unsurpassed in Fleet Street.

But whatever may prove possible in this direction, the main burden of keeping alive the radical tradition in British daily journalism in the face of greater and greater concen-

tration in a few mainly Conservative hands is now bound to fall on the *Daily Herald* and the *Guardian*, with the *Mirror* helping, intermittently no doubt, with its usual technical brilliance as and when its imagination is stirred or its readers are judged to be in the mood for a dose of radical fervour. The *Guardian* would undoubtedly have been able to attract a very substantial number of new readers right away if only it had been in a position to start printing in London at once. But it is not. In fact it may be many months yet before its plans are completed. They depend, among other things, upon getting the agreement of the printing trades unions – whose tempers have been badly rasped by the method of the *News Chronicle* and *Star* closure – to non-conventional methods of printing, although it is now unlikely that these will include the facsimile transmission from Manchester as once planned.

In these circumstances a great opportunity and responsibility faces the *Herald* and its new editor, John Beavan. He carries with him the good wishes of everyone who wants to see good radical journalism survive and flourish. But it is now more than ever essential that the *Herald* should be absolutely certain in its own mind of the target it is aiming at. That target could now well be a little higher than had perhaps earlier been contemplated.

Meanwhile the more one learns about the actual method of close-down on the *News Chronicle*, the more squalid it becomes. At no stage – even when the final decision was made – did Mr Laurence Cadbury or any other member of the management meet the staff as a whole to explain matters and express regret. Nor did the editor call the staff together as a whole. Nor did anyone even have the courtesy to send them personal notices of dismissal. All they received were copies of a duplicated circular from the secretary of the company, beginning 'Dear Sir or Madam'. The only touch of humanity came in fact from the Chief Accountant in his notice about the method of paying severance money. He did what no one else apparently had the common courtesy to do – expressed his deep personal regret and sympathy for all affected. Moreover, at a time when the deal with Associated Newspapers was already far advanced, staff arrangements were allowed which were bound to create personal distress. And up to the last, members of the staff were being assured that all rumours were quite unfounded – by men who already knew they were true.

I have spent nearly 40 years in journalism. I did not believe until now that, even in the jungle of a world that is Fleet Street, any group of men could behave as those at the top of the *News Chronicle* have shown themselves capable of doing both in large matters and small.

The Future of Greater London

The report of the Royal Commission on Local Government in Greater London has aroused widespread interest and a variety of conflicting emotions, ranging from unconcealed jubilation to consternation and anxiety. The fact that attitudes are already being struck and positions taken makes it necessary for the merits of the report to be assessed at the outset, before its recommendations are lost beneath the conflict of claims and counter-claims, with their appeals to local loyalties, evidence of past performance and the many other factors which are brought into the account when any important reorganisation of local government is under consideration.

What was the Roval Commission and what has it done? It consisted of seven members under the chairmanship of Sir Edwin Herbert, a past president of the Law Society and a veteran in the art of public inquiry, and was given wide terms of reference – no less than the examination of the entire system and working of local government in the Greater London area and the task of recommending 'whether any, and if so what, changes in local government structure and the distribution of local authority functions in the area, or any part of it, would better secure effective and convenient local government . . .'

After almost three years' work it has recommended a complete reorganisation which would have the effect of replacing the jurisdiction of the London and Middlesex County Councils and large parts of Surrey, Essex and Kent, together with three county boroughs and the large number of municipal and metropolitan boroughs and district councils at present existing within these counties, by a Council for Greater London and 52 Greater London boroughs – with populations normally between 100,000 and 250,000.

A bare description of the structural proposals does not adequately convey what the Commission has in mind. The Greater London Council is not intended to be a vast regional authority with concentrated powers. On the contrary, it is proposed that the new boroughs should be the primary units of local government and should perform all functions except those which can effectively be performed only over the wider area of Greater London. In effect this means that the Greater London Council would be the education and planning authority (but in each case sharing its powers with the boroughs to a much greater extent than is the present practice) and would be responsible for traffic, main roads, refuse disposal, and fire and ambulance services. It would have certain concurrent powers for housing, but only at the planning stage, and also for certain other functions such as parks, entertainments and sewage.

It is obvious that such far-ranging proposals were bound to be controversial. It is equally clear that the structure of local government for the Greater London area has been outstripped by the growth and movement of population, changes in the pattern of industry and commerce, developing means of communication and methods of travel, new social attitudes and habits, and present-day conceptions of public responsibility in relation to the eight and a half million people in the area. The present network of authorities was established in the days of horse-drawn road travel, gas lighting, workhouses, rigid class barriers, board schools and a conception of public administration which had no regard to the vast range of functions now exercised by local authorities and other public bodies in the fields of education, housing, social welfare and health.

It is a tribute to these authorites that they have proved so adaptable to the demands of change, but the Commission was bound to ask whether they were so constituted as to be able to carry out their functions in the most effective way in present circumstances. In seeking the answer, it kept simultaneously in mind the two criteria of administrative efficiency and the health of representative government. After applying both tests over the entire field and examining service by service and authority by authority, it concluded that root-and-branch reform was necessary.

It will not be possible to determine the development of the Commission's thinking on these matters without analysing its proposals for some of the services in greater detail. Keeping in mind always that it seeks to place the major responsibility on the proposed new large boroughs, some examination must be made of what is recommended for housing, education, health and welfare. In each case the Commission has been guided by its belief that as many services as possible should be concentrated in the Town Hall, where they can be administered by officers responsible to councillors who represent a population of reasonable size. The object has been to get the services as near to the people affected by them as possible, without creating authorities too small to attract first-rate people both as officers and councillors.

Housing is regarded as so closely connected with personal health and welfare that it must be essentially a borough service. The Commission can therefore find no place for the present system in the London County Council area, where the Council and the metropolitan boroughs have concurrent functions. It realises, however, that in the special conditions of Greater London it will not be sufficient to rely solely on the building of houses by each borough in its own area, and it is proposed that the Greater London Council should have powers to make arrangements for building outside the area, including the building of new towns or expansion of existing towns, and for carrying out redevelopment schemes which extend over more than one London borough. It is not, however, envisaged that the Greater London Council will own or manage houses within its area; where it takes a hand in development, it will be with the object of handing the houses over to the boroughs in due course. This would also be done with the present LCC housing estates.

The scheme for education is one in which the Greater London Council would be the education authority, responsible for the development programme and owning the schools, but with the borough responsible for day-to-day management. The system proposed is strikingly like the one which operates for the hospital service, where the regional hospital boards are the planning and co-ordinating authorities while the hospital management committees run the hospitals for all purposes of immediate administration. It has worked well in the hospital service, and this at least encourages a close look at the proposal in this other vital social service.

Personal health, welfare and the children's service are at present based on the county councils and county boroughs. They are all services which touch the individual very closely, and following their logic of seeking 'nearness' the Commissioners wish to make them a borough responsibility. In this connection there is much wisdom in what is said about the unification of health and welfare services. They are so interlocked that many students of social welfare have for long been unable to see the need for separate committees and administrative machinery, but the existing authorities have not found a solution to the problem.

Perhaps enough has been said to indicate a

prima facie case for dispassionate study of the Royal Commission's proposals. Whether this is possible remains to be seen. The experience of previous attempts to deal with the problem is not very encouraging, nor are the reactions to the draft proposals so far made by the permanent Local Government Commission for England in the West Midlands and other review areas. (Greater London was excluded from the statutory review machinery set up by the Local Government Act, 1958; but clearly the Royal Commission's report has a bearing on the working of that machinery and *vice versa*.) Certainly the advocates of change must justify their position to the utmost, because the present structure, although not logical or tidy, is neither broken down nor moribund. On the contrary, authorities such as the London County Council have been outstanding in the efficient way they have dealt with the problems of a changing social and industrial scene.

Although the choice is between the *status quo* and radical change, it is perhaps not in making a wrong judgment between one or the other that the greatest danger lies. It is rather the possibility that no proper judgment will be exercised because of the immense amount of prejudice, self-interest and special pleading which can so easily surround this subject. It would be disastrous if narrow political or personal considerations were to play the deciding role in matters which affect the lives of so many. It is easier to write this than to stand in the shoes of the councillor whose authority, in the achievements of which he has a natural pride, is threatened with extinction, or of the officer whose career prospects are affected. But it would be less than honest, in the light of past experience, not to say it.

Finally, while too much is at stake to rush things, too long a time must not elapse before a decision is made. A period of uncertainty will inevitably affect plans for the future, and neither councils nor officers can indefinitely produce their best work in such circumstances.

London Diary

CRITIC

With the ballot now on, Fleet Street is desperately braying on Mr Gaitskell. I don't recall any occasion in the last 30 years when a Labour leader has received such unanimous support from the establishment press. Latterly, indeed, some of the Gaitskell campaign managers, alarmed at the complacency generated by all the press flattery, have been giving the papers figures which suggest that the vote will be a close thing. The idea is that a figure of 120 votes, say, is published as Gaitskell's target, so that if he gets 121 it will be hailed as an astonishing victory – and the *Herald* can use its GREAT GAITSKELL headline again. Meanwhile, endless petitions and counter-petitions are flooding this office. There is Victory for Socialism and Victory for Sanity (are the two mutually exclusive?). There is also a new anti-Gaitskell one called Appeal for Unity, signed by party workers. The senior seats of learning are particularly active. I'm informed that the pro-Gaitskell dons as we go to press number 78, ranging from a Regius Professor of Greek to the Assistant Secretary of Ruskin. Many of them, it seems, are even members of the Labour Party. A rival list, supporting the conference on defence, stands at 220 names, 'including 63 professors, 19 readers and people of equivalent status, plus lecturers and research students'. What with signing petitions and seeing the press, the modern don is a busy man these days, and urbane conversation at High Table must be increasingly tricky. I'm reminded of the *New Yorker* cartoon showing a messenger saying to a harassed member of Kennedy's campaign team: 'It's Harvard on the line, Professor. They want to know when you'll have the results of last June's grades'.

* * *

Watching Nixon and Kennedy on television on Saturday night I again felt the force of Mort Sahl's quip that when you see them together you feel that neither can win. This may be a bit unfair to Kennedy, but it was impossible to avoid the irritation one always feels when two debaters seem to be talking about everything except the real issues. I think a good many serious-minded Americans are having the same reaction to this campaign. They can read, for instance, that a group of scientists in California are alarmed about the military's opposition to any real moves towards disarmament, and fear that the generals might be prepared to remove any politician who made a genuine attempt to come to terms with Russia. Are they making too much of this opposition? I have no means of knowing. But I am interested to learn that signs of discontent with bi-partisan rocketry are growing. A fascinating report reaches me from Boston, where a correspondent was present earlier this month at a meeting of 5,000 people organised by the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. Among the speakers were Governor Williams of Michigan, Steve Allen, the entertainer, Erich Fromm, the famous psychiatrist, scientists and representatives of religious groups. My correspondent says that 'Sane' stickers, leaflets and meetings are going to become part of the political scene. The meeting, he adds, was too large to be ignored, too ill-organised to be a crusade, and too serious to be a fad. The greatest applause was given to such remarks as 'uniformity of opinion could scarcely be greater, even if there were not political freedom'; 'we have passion without truth, truth without passion'; 'we are curious about everything and concerned about nothing'. This movement, of course, is not unilateralist. That position raises much more difficult problems in the American context than in Britain. But the 'Sane' desire to stop the spread of nuclear weapons, to ban the tests which both Nixon and Kennedy are prepared to resume, and to develop a more flexible attitude towards disarmament seems to express a new mood in America. When such a dour Yankee politician as the Republican senator from Massachusetts, Mr Saltonstall, can send a message of support to a rally of this kind, something is stirring at the grass roots in America – a surge of opinion, possibly, like that which transformed our own small committee for stopping nuclear tests into the CND.

* * *

Bertrand Russell's resignation from the presidency of the CND was curiously timed. His disagreement with Canon Collins had been given a good deal of publicity in the last fortnight, but everyone had hoped that no drastic decision would be made before the meeting of the CND executive on 5 November. Now that Russell and a number of other prominent Campaigners such as John Osborne, Doris Lessing, Arnold Wesker and John Braine seem to have jumped the gun, the press is talking about a 'disastrous' split in the anti-nuclear movement. There is, certainly, a new situation, and those who wish to maintain unity within the Campaign must regret that the supporters of civil disobedience felt unable to wait a few days until the executive met. Immediately after this important executive meeting the editor of this journal will contribute a full article on the future of the Campaign.

* * *

One of the most stalwart of European Socialists died the other day. Too little is remembered about him in this country. Arthur Wauters was a leading member of the Belgian government in exile in this country during the war and one of Britain's best friends. He had been a member of the Chamber of Representatives and a Cabinet minister for over 20 years. I knew him in the days of anti-Fascist struggle in the Thirties, and saw something of him in Moscow, where he was ambassador a few years ago. He was one of the small band of persistent social democrats who joined with G. D. H. Cole in forming the International Society for Socialist Studies; one of its objects was to avoid the negative anti-Communism which has bedevilled social democracy and instead to make an objective study of Communist institutions. In Belgium itself, he was chairman of a semi-academic organisation for this purpose; it held its first conference on China in the Institut Solvay last year. He was the political adviser to the Dowager Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who, with his encouragement, paid a personal visit to Moscow recently. Until July of this year he was himself a university professor, and I was fascinated to hear that during the summer vacation he was able to intervene effectively when a large number of Congolese students in Belgium were being assaulted and insulted in the streets. He prevailed on the university authorities in Antwerp to take them under their protection, give them board and lodging in university hostels and safeguard them from the assaults of popular prejudice.

* * *

So far as you can judge from the criminal statistics, every year in England and Wales about 5,000 people try to kill themselves. I think the figure is wrong, because a large number of these, possibly a majority, intend no more than a dramatised appeal for help, a gesture of anger or jealousy not intended to work out too painfully. But about a tenth of them go before the magistrates and are 'found guilty' of not doing the job properly. Some of them go to prison, of all places (where you will be given proper medical and psychiatric attention!) and one or two to Broadmoor. What a bitter farce it all is! It looks as if the Queen's Speech will include a promise to reform the law, at long last, about attempted suicide (at present a Common Law misdemeanour with no limit to the penalty), and that the bill drafted by the Criminal Law Revision Committee with that object in mind will be adopted for the purpose. The coroners get to hear of about 5,000 successful suicides year after year, but no-one knows how many more thousands never come to their notice, simply because family doctors humanely sign so many 'natural causes' certificates in order to save family disgrace and avoidable unhappiness. In recent years the police have sorted out the known cases very sensibly, but they can never know the real extent of a problem which is kept so much in the dark by fear of the criminal law. Better than these penal sanctions for the despairing would be a system of 'worry clinics' to which the socially inadequate could take their problems.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A Royal Air Force spokesman today confirmed that 'about eight airmen' from the Far East Air Force Band had 'shown interest' in the sect.

He also confirmed that all eight airmen were told by their commanding officer that there was no objection to their joining any religion 'as long as that religion is a healthy one.'

'We do not consider Jehovah's Witnesses as a healthy one from the point of view of the services,' the spokesman added. – *Halifax Daily.* (A. Greenwood.)

General Mollan, the Association's president, is a retired officer of the Army Medical Services. From his experience of nearly forty years' service as a regular officer in most parts of the British Empire, he is convinced that the integrity and leadership encouraged by the public school system are of immense importance to this country in both peace and war. 'We don't want intellectuals running the country, we want level-headed chaps.' – *Housewife.* (M. A. Marshall.)

Why does Scottish dancing appeal to Englishmen? Because of the strict social stratification in their society, the English will not give public adherence to any activity practised by a stratum below. Morris is folk dancing; Scottish dancing is not. It was practised in the old Scottish courts and in the houses of the nobility, as well as by the lower classes. It is related to the minuet. – Letter in *Radio Times* (J. P. Davey.)

The Fag End of Humanism

W. JOHN MORGAN

What is it that prevents one being with the message? Why not accept the fashionable idea that we are all middle-class now, that Socialism is lame in the paddock and will have to be destroyed, and that all the affluent post-capitalist society needs is mild Liberal amendment to shopping and drinking hours, the Town and Country Planning Act and the law relating to homosexual behaviour among consenting adults? Why not embrace with enthusiasm the Common Market and agree that the dream of the apolitical, right-wing, multi-lingual, Catholic, efficient continent is a fair one?

What prevents one sleeping in the arms of the manipulators? One would be much happier, no doubt, not to feel an anachronism at 30, chained to dead nonconformist faiths about the virtues of humanism and the sceptical mind, of the dignity of individuals, and to even deader faiths like the belief that society would be more dynamic and people have lives of a different quality if only the sources of privilege and the debilitating snobberies and frustrations of the class-system could be abolished. Pollsters, sociologists, and those right-wing and Liberal commentators who know what's good for a party they are hostile to, are powerful persuaders that I, and many others, are consuming the wrong ideological goods.

What does prevent one, of course, as much as facts like the existence barely above the line of poverty of about one-sixth of the population, and the generally exaggerated propaganda of affluence, is usually one's personal history. It is fashionable to identify political attitudes with material possessions; and a change in self-given class-status with a change in political allegiance. Yet from my own experience and that of many friends and acquaintances, I should think this is not only less general than is supposed: it is, even if true, a dangerous kind of equation for any left or radical party to bother with.

Nowadays I am, I suppose, reasonably affluent. Once I was quite the opposite. It was, I remember, at the age of 21 that I had the first suit of my own, one that didn't belong to an uncle or a grandfather – we were all much the same build, mercifully. I now have quite a nice range of suits. Like many other people I lived for years in a house which had no running water. By any pollster's standard I am now totally a member of the middle class, a contributor to any graph on social mobility. I have a car, a refrigerator and am doing all right, Jack. So what?

Having these things, which are nice things to have in that they make life more comfortable, I lack a sense of status: deprivation when young is a useful corrective to this particular lunacy. Having all this, as I say, makes no difference at all to my political attitudes. I still believe, for example, that the industrial organisation of Britain needs revolutionary alteration, that it is inefficient and undemocratic and must be removed from private hands, even if not in the old Socialist style. I still believe that the educational system equally needs reforming, both by the abolition of the public schools and an enormous increase in the amount of money devoted to the state system, in order to release the nation's energies.

But the object of this exercise is not to set out a political programme or to bare the soul, but to resist the glib identification of attitudes with possessions, a line of thought given a more respectable and sophisticated extension by Dr Michael Young in his pamphlet *The Chipped White Cups of Dover*. He suggests, among many other things, that a new party may be on the way, and that it may be a Consumers' Party.

'The submission I am making is that politics will become less and less the politics of production and more and more the politics of consumption', he writes. I simply don't believe this; but let's accept the thesis. Dr Young's idea is that the consumer is presently crushed between special interests like the trade unions and big business, but will come into his own by reason of various social changes, and will express his desire to humanise public services and generally assert his will against that of the big producers, with whom the Tories are bound always to be identified.

The Labour Party, he believes, might embrace the cause of the consumer, as indeed it usefully might. I suspect, though, that Dr Young has been a little carried away by the enormous success of the Consumers' Association. This is largely a middle-class organisation – and none the worse for that. One wonders, though, how many of its members are people who have a long tradition of scrutinising and complaining about consumer goods, people whose voices have for a long time carried across restaurants and brought service sharply up to the mark. I cannot see that an amiably Liberal or Tory insurance executive, shall we say, who reads *Which* and buys his motor car or beer or refrigerator after careful thought, has enough in common with a steelworker, who votes Labour and who is also buying these things, for them to vote together.

I'm not suggesting that it's anything but admirable that the consumer should criticise the goods and services he is offered. On the contrary, if the public could be encouraged to criticise the hospital, educational, industrial, housing, press, broadcasting services, this might be the start of the way back for Socialism. They might then recognise that the root of their complaints lay in the present economic dispensation; that it was in their role as producers that the solution to inadequacies lay.

The more serious danger of Dr Young's argument seems to me to be the encouragement it offers people to see themselves in a consumer's role. The danger is that consumers have no *ethos* as such. Isolated in this role, they are especially vulnerable to the propaganda of the producers, either through the direct agencies of commercial advertising or the expanding trade of hidden Tory persuasion – itself supplemented by the vulgar materialism of the overwhelmingly right-wing press. I think that, once the notion of the worker as producer is destroyed, the floodgates are open. The current analyses of the supposed changing allegiance of the prosperous working class reflect the effectiveness of these forces, you may say.

But these analyses are no means infallible. They also are dangerous in that they encourage the idea that market research is as useful in gauging political ideas and the choice of parties as it is in gauging the factors which make people prefer one soap powder to another. I'm sure that Dr Mark Abrams's techniques – to select the most celebrated of researchers – are as immaculate as can be. Except for that awkward squad who wilfully mislead interviewers, there's no doubt that his methods are valuable guides to what and why the public buys things. Undoubtedly, too, motivational research in depth interview can be useful in formulating ideas and images that the public can be encouraged to buy. But there still seem to be numerous hazards in the kind of survey which is supposed to guide our thinking, and which has been so valuable to the right wing of the Labour Party and to the Liberals.

It has always seemed to me, as someone who has asked hundreds of people hundreds of questions on behalf of a popular programme on the most powerful of all mass-media, that the degree of precision necessary to make a question valuable prevents the kind of imprecision which is necessary if the answer is to be a true reflection of the subject's belief. The questions have been formulated by a human being, an imprecision instrument; they are collated by a human being. A more critical objection is that the difference in kind between market research, designed to examine the possibilities of a product, and that intent on analysing political questions is so enormous that it must vitiate

This England

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the results. The choice of product is simple; people will make it simply and unself-consciously. On the other issues they will rationalise their attitudes from various motives, to various responses.

But even if one accepts the reading of society which the statistics suggest, it still doesn't follow that political programmes should be based upon them. In the first place this seems to me wrong, because no matter how expert the research system there is no sure way of knowing what people are going to think tomorrow: the interviewer, the market researcher, even the motivational men working in depth, are always using yesterday's information. In the second place, a politician should not pay too much attention to them for the very reason that motivational research is a kind of anthropology. He should be one of the natives, one of the subjects of study rather than a student. His value lies in the degree to which he represents or embodies the voter, and statistics of the most elaborate kind are no substitute for his own feeling for the people he represents.

The truth is that there is no substitute for leadership. Politics, at least on the left, is not so much the art of the possible, based on the poll, as the recognition that certain drastic measures offer the means to a better life for most of the people. Liberalism doesn't seem to me able to do this. Perhaps a great consumers' leader will arise. What will be his agencies of propaganda to counter the producers, who will have by this time isolated us all as consumers and brainwashed us so that we croon over our possessions?

'Today the future occupation of all moppets is to be skilled consumers', wrote David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd*. Dr Young invites us to compare Britain with Europe in its consumer services. There it's fine. 'Whereas everywhere in Britain . . . well you only have to observe the expressions on the face of incoming tourists; the Frenchman looking down on his plate of meat and two veg; the German as he alights from his train in the main station in any British city . . .' Now there are two fine democratic countries with strong radical forces for you, huh? This is really the fag-end of humanism.

The Kibbutz Girl

GILLIAN TINDALL

Many Israeli banknotes carry a picture of a buxom girl-soldier standing with a rifle against a hilly but cultivated landscape – the precious, hard-won farming land which the army is there to protect. This girl is a typical *sabra*, or native-raised Israeli. The name is taken from the fruit of the cactus which grows wild all over Israel, a sort of fig which is hard and prickly on the outside but tender within. Be that as it may, it is true that the young Israeli of today is the very antithesis of the urban ghetto Jew of Yiddish tradition ('ghetto-Jew' has become a dirty word in Israel) – and this contrast comes out more sharply in women than in men. The *sabra* girl with her rifle is as different as possible from her grandmother, necessarily no doubt but also, one suspects, wilfully. In her complete emancipation she symbolizes an end to all Jewish subjection, and also to all the closed-in, religious and tradition-bound matriarch and *shiddoch* side of Jewish life in the ghettoes, from Casablanca to Warsaw. Admiration for these girls among the older generation, who have known a very different kind of life, sometimes tips over into a curious sentimentality. And the outsider is likely to find this indiscriminate *sabra*-worship a little too much.

The extreme example of the *sabra* is the girl raised on a *kibbutz*. It is hard to induce the Israelis to disparage anything in their country, but even a boy who was a devoted patriot and *kibbutznik* admitted to me freely 'the *kibbutz* girls are not attractive', and by and large (there are exceptions) this is unfortunately true. The typical *kibbutz* girl goes around, even when work is over for the day, in baggy shorts like unbecoming cotton knickers and heavy sandals, her hair perpetually draggled from the daily shower. She doesn't look in the least like Juliet Greco in *The Naked Earth*. The same sun which makes her brother *kibbutzniks* handsomely sunburnt and muscled has an adverse effect on her, making her angular and strawky-looking. It is ideologically regrettable perhaps, but hardly surprising, that all the more personable of the young male *kibbutzniks* prefer to find their girl-friends, and often their wives, outside the *kibbutz*.

The usual retort is that the *kibbutz* girl, doing hard manual labour all day and without money to buy luxuries such as make-up, cannot help her looks. This is not entirely true, nor – the real point – is it only a matter of surface looks. Women who have come to the *kibbutz* as adults, either as immigrants or by marrying a *kibbutznik*, do not lose all their attraction and descend to the sub-feminine level of the *kibbutz-sabra*. They live in exactly the same conditions; but because they come to the life knowing already that they are women and are meant to have grace and softness and poignancy, they retain a measure of these things. They make an effort with their dress and their hair, but also, more important, they walk and speak as if they knew they were women. The *kibbutz*-born girl rarely appears to know she is a woman, since no one has told her so; and it is that, far more than her baggy shorts, which makes her so unappetizing to the handsomer *kibbutznik*.

But this gracelessness in the *kibbutz* girl goes deeper than sheer lack of sexual attraction: that is only its most obvious manifestation. The charm of the typical male *kibbutznik* lies in his confident friendliness, that hail-fellow-well-met (or *'schalom, haver'*!) quality, which derives from his free, hardy, gregarious upbringing. Yet as they grow up most of the girl *kibbutzniks* somehow miss this quality: the identical upbringing often seems to have the reverse effect with them. They lack confidence with strangers and draw in upon themselves and the narrow life of their community rather than using it as a base for outgoing hospitality. Very few of them, unlike the men, give the impression of pride in their *kibbutz*.

All this, of course, is an illustration of something which has perhaps been too slowly appreciated: if you treat men and women exactly the same from childhood up, you don't get women like men, you simply get unwomenly women. It is a fact, which armies and boarding-schools both bear out, that a good-hearted, average male thrives quite nicely on communal living, whereas an average female doesn't. It's only logical: the male *kibbutznik* is not leading a life which is basically unnatural to the male species; working men everywhere labour hard during the day with a gang of mates, and have their personal needs such as meals and laundry catered for by others. But a woman, except on a *kibbutz*, has a life which, though it conforms to a pattern, is in itself individual: her own home, individual meals to cook for her own husband, her own children to bring up in her own way.

But this sense of individuality, a physiological need to most women, is denied to the *kibbutz* woman. Working in the communal kitchen or laundry is no substitute for cooking a particular meal for one man and ironing *his* shirt. Women genuinely thrive on serving others, but 'the others' must be a known and compassable group: serving 500 people and an ideal of communal life just will not give the same fulfilment. The *kibbutz* women have lost their traditional, cosy position as Jewish matriarchs and have not gained anything emotionally comparable in return. Those who come to the *kibbutz* as adults realise this, and they come *faute de mieux*, as immigrants, for the sake of being in Israel – or they come for an intellectual ideal – or for the love of a *kibbutznik*. But the women raised on the *kibbutz*

New Statesman Logogram—2

'Pre-election polls have now become almost an integral part of every election campaign,' said the Professor. 'But have you noticed the curious conclusions one can sometimes draw from the results?

'Take the recent by-election at Ranglington, for example. Each of the two parties conducted a poll to estimate the percentage of the electorate intending to vote for its own candidate. In both polls separate figures were compiled for male and female voters.

'So far as the male voters were concerned, of the 3,000 questioned in the Labour Party poll, 1,200, or 40 per cent, stated they intended to vote Labour, and in the Tory Party poll, of the 2,000 questioned, 790, or 39½ per cent, stated they intended to vote Tory.

'So far as the women voters were concerned, of the 2,000 questioned in the Labour Party poll, 900, or 45 per cent, stated they intended to vote Labour; and in the Tory Party poll, of the 3,000 questioned, 1335, or 44½ per cent, stated that they intended to vote Tory.

'The local Labour paper, commenting on these figures, jubilantly pointed out that the findings indicated a higher proportion of Labour voters both in the male and female sections of the electorate, so that there was every indication of a Labour victory.

'The local Tory paper, however, was not to be outdone. It gave a combined figure of all voters, and pointed out that out of the total 5,000 men and women questioned in the Labour Party poll, 2,100, or 42 per cent, intended to vote Labour; whereas out of the total 5,000 men and women questioned in the Tory Party poll, 2,125, or 42½ per cent, intended to vote Tory, so that the figures clearly indicated a Tory victory.

'Can you explain this apparent discrepancy?'

Solution next week.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

The chief of the counter-espionage service asked the prisoner: 'If my assistant were to ask you if you are a spy, what would you say?'

A spy answering under the effects of the truth drug would say 'Yes'.

A spy answering under the effects of the anti-truth drug would also say 'Yes', since his answer to the assistant's hypothetical question would be 'No'.

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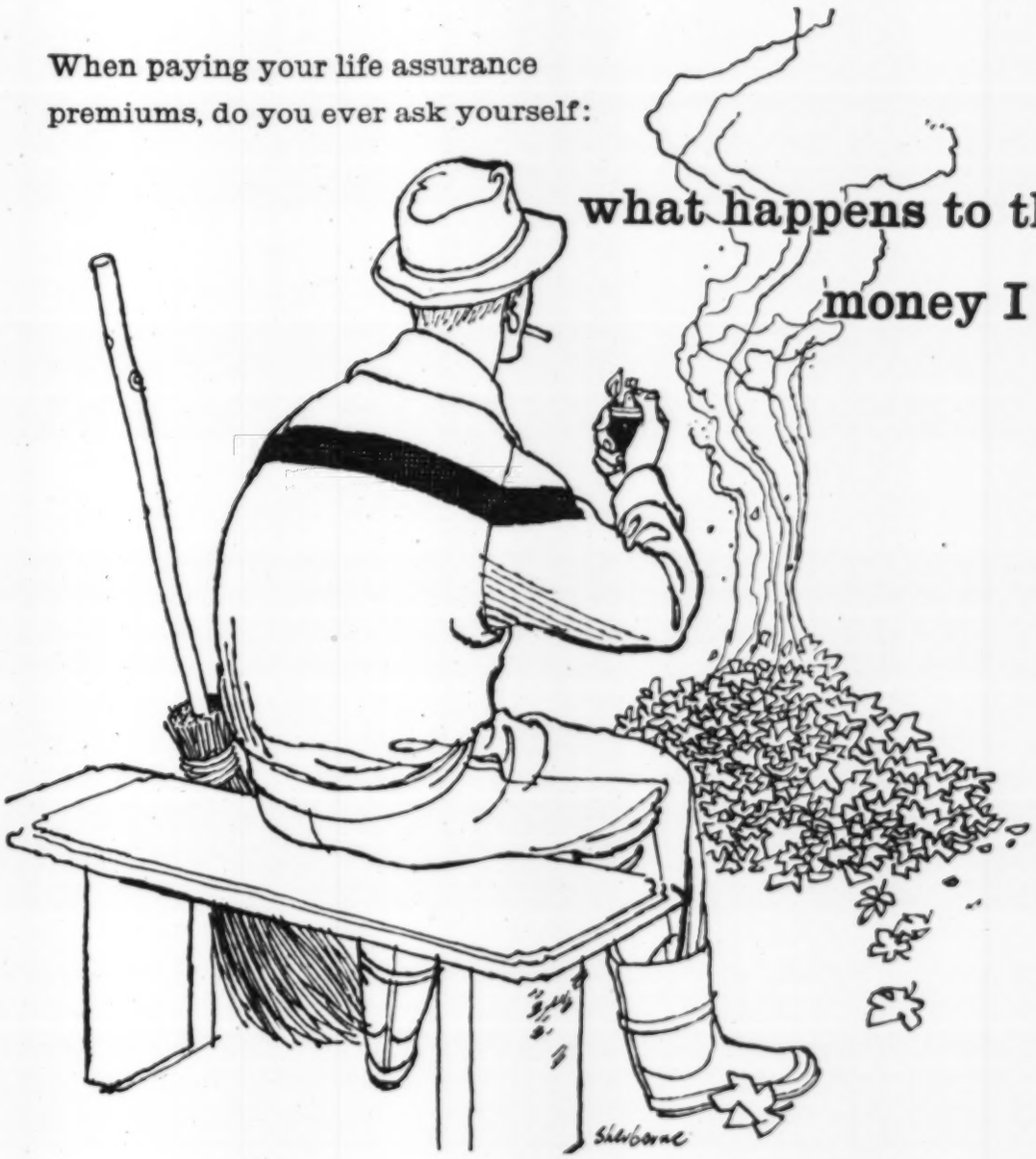

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cannot even know what they are being deprived of.

This also means that it's hard for them to break away from the *kibbutz*. One is quite free to leave a *kibbutz* any time one wants to: many of the more enterprising young men now do. They can go out into the world and find work – they are used to labour of all sorts, and many have special skills. *Kibbutz*-raised girls, however, are by comparison ill-trained for life outside, since they lack proper experience of the fundamental job of women, that of home-making. In this respect, a *kibbutz* girl, for all her practical knowledge and capability, is inferior to a despised Moroccan immigrant Jewess, who still wears her head covered like an arab woman and believes in evil spirits. Quite a number of the male *kibbutzniks* marry girls from outside, but the reverse rarely occurs. If the *kibbutz* girls aren't attractive enough to many of their confrès, they are still less likely to please a town-bred taste. After the army they almost all seem to feel that there is little option but to return quietly to the *kibbutz*, where presently they will marry one of the less enterprising *kibbutzniks*. (Fortunately men outnumber women in Israel.)

A further reason why very few non-*kibbutzniks* would contemplate marrying a girl from a *kibbutz*, is the widespread idea that these girls are promiscuous. But this seems to be, on the whole, a most unfair accusation. It probably dates from the early, desperate days of the *kibbutz*-movement when a primitive lack of privacy for the sexes was a matter of simple material necessity. Nowadays, most *kibbutzim* are relatively comfortable, and the inmates have more privacy and modern amenities than thousands of people in London or Paris. It should be remembered that *kibbutz* life avoids entirely the commonplace sub-squalor of parents sharing a bedroom with their children, or adolescent children with others of the opposite sex: on all *kibbutzim* married couples have their own rooms and the children their own quarters, usually separate. Yet still the myth persists (perhaps wistfully) of the earthy *kibbutz*-girl indulging in indiscriminate animal love-making under the stars of Galilee or on the red earth near the borders of the Negev. It's true that virginity, and that associated cult of coquetry, are *demodé* in the *kibbutzim;* but it is also the case that on a *kibbutz*, as in any circumscribed community, promiscuity is quickly recognised and is not looked on with particular favour. A girl or married woman on a *kibbutz* cannot move from one lover to another as she can in London, Paris – or Tel Aviv – and still be looked on with respect. Her affairs are much too public.

The accepted pattern of *kibbutz* life is for a girl to make love early, to marry early, probably with one and the same man, and to start a family. It is the pattern of all unsophisticated communities. But it also dates, as does so much of the *kibbutz* system, from the days of guerilla fighting all over Israel, when a young Palmach couple in love took advantage of the present – because next month either of them might be dead. From this time also dates the concept of the communal security of the *kibbutz*, the system by which any suddenly-widowed wife or parentless child is automatically the charge of the community. So, inevitably, a lack of a sense of personal responsibility leads to a high divorce rate on the *kibbutzim*. A husband does not work 'for' his wife, so a divorce poses no material problems. A wife does not fear the 'loss of a father' for her child since she can see for herself that her child treats all the men on the *kibbutz* like honorary uncles. Thus freedom from fear is, at one and the same instant, both good and bad.

It is too easy for us, sitting in our European cities being individualistic with all our corners unrubbed-off, to underestimate the *kibbutzim*. They give much to people who, individually, would have little, even to the ageing widow and the unmarried mother. Many women on *kibbutzim* must enjoy a material security and a freedom from anxiety and loneliness, which they would not have outside. The young *kibbutz*-girl, moreover, is splendidly fitted to work alongside the men on a small pioneer settlement: she is loyal, tough, hard-working, and is neither a priggish Girl Guide nor a licentious peasant. But the fact remains that the majority of *kibbutzim* are now tranquil and prosperous. There is now time for the cultivation of more civilised gardens. But this the *kibbutz* girl does not know how to do.

Average Men

CLAUD COCKBURN

Scene:—The private office of Lord Overlord of Ink, owner of the morning *Python* and evening *Boa*.

Time:—The pretty near future.

Lord Overlord sits behind his desk, dabbing his eyes with a handkerchief. Opposite him sits Sir Jiggery Pokery.

• •

Pokery:—Why Ovie, I believe you're actually crying.

Overlord:—After all Jiggers . . . those papers of yours I just bought . . . What I mean, they *were* the last independent newspapers left. They stood for all that's best and noblest in our journalistic tradition. And now . . .

(*He sobs and does business with handkerchief*) now I've been and gone and swallowed them. It's tragic really. I feel it deep down inside . . . here.

(*He massages his stomach.*)

Pokery:—Don't take on so, Ovie old man. Think if anyone saw you crying at a time like this. You know that thing people say about crocodiles. We just have to face these things like supermen. I mean the fact is that production costs being what they are, the ineluctable laws of economics dictate that . . .

Overlord (*switching on tape recorder*):—Don't strain your chords, Jiggers. Let's play that bit over on the recorder.

(*Tape recorder recites a piece about production costs, the wages spiral etc.*)

Pokery:—Thanks, Ovie. I enjoyed that.

Overlord:—It's got real feeling that piece, I always say. No tunes like the old tunes.

Pokery:—What we're up against is just the fact that there aren't enough intelligent people left. There aren't even two million intelligent people left in the country.

Overlord:—So sad but so true. The average man just does not want an intelligent, thoughtful, progressive paper any more. You mustn't blame yourself, Jiggers.

Pokery:—Well no, I don't.

(*Unnoticed by Overlord and Pokery, a door has opened behind Overlord. Enter an Average Man.*)

Overlord:—The trouble with the average man, nowadays, is that . . .

Pokery (*suddenly noticing the Average Man*): Hullo, who's this?

Overlord (*turning sharply*):—Who in the devil are you? How did you get in?

Average Man:—They told me you were discussing the public. Thought I'd drop in.

Pokery:—In what actual capacity, actually?

(*Average Man fumbles in coat pocket, produces card.*)

Average Man:—Block vote. Six million. Pretty intelligent people.

(*Overlord and Pokery gingerly examine card, handing it across desk from one to other.*)

Overlord:—I'm not at all sure I accept this as valid. A dear friend of mine—he was connected with the Labour Party leadership—told me never to accept the validity of a block vote till you knew whether it was cast for you or against you.

Pokery:—Awfully sound. I remember the man you mean. Works for the Rockefeller Foundation now, I believe. Or is it the Ford? Forget me own name next. After all, it's a question of democracy.

Overlord:—In all the circumstances I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to leave. If you'll wait downstairs, we'll issue a statement to you later.

Average Man:—Later and later and later, until it's too late. Why not talk now? I mean I can tell you what's wrong—why you needn't really close your papers at all, Sir Jiggery.

Pokery:—Ovie, I don't think this young man quite understands the facts of life. Why don't you play him over that lovely recording we just had?

(*Overlord switches on tape-recorder, and they play the 'Production Cost Blues' over again.*)

Average Man:—Yes, all right, all right, But you could deal with that if you had the courage of two simple convictions.

Overlord:—What d'you mean 'simple'?

Pokery (*showing alarm*):—What d'you mean 'convictions'?

Average Man:—I mean the simple conviction that there are so-and-so many million people in the country who would appreciate an intelligent mass paper if people like you had enough elementary *nous* and courage and confidence to give it to them.

Overlord:—But don't you realise that the people you are talking about don't exist any more?

Average Man:—Me and a minimum of 5,999,999 others.

Pokery:—Come, come, you're raving. D'you know how you spend your time? You spend it glued to the telly, viewing the vilest productions of a money-mad America.

(*Average Man is about to protest, but is cut short by Pokery.*)

Sex is your principal interest in life. Sex in its lowest form.

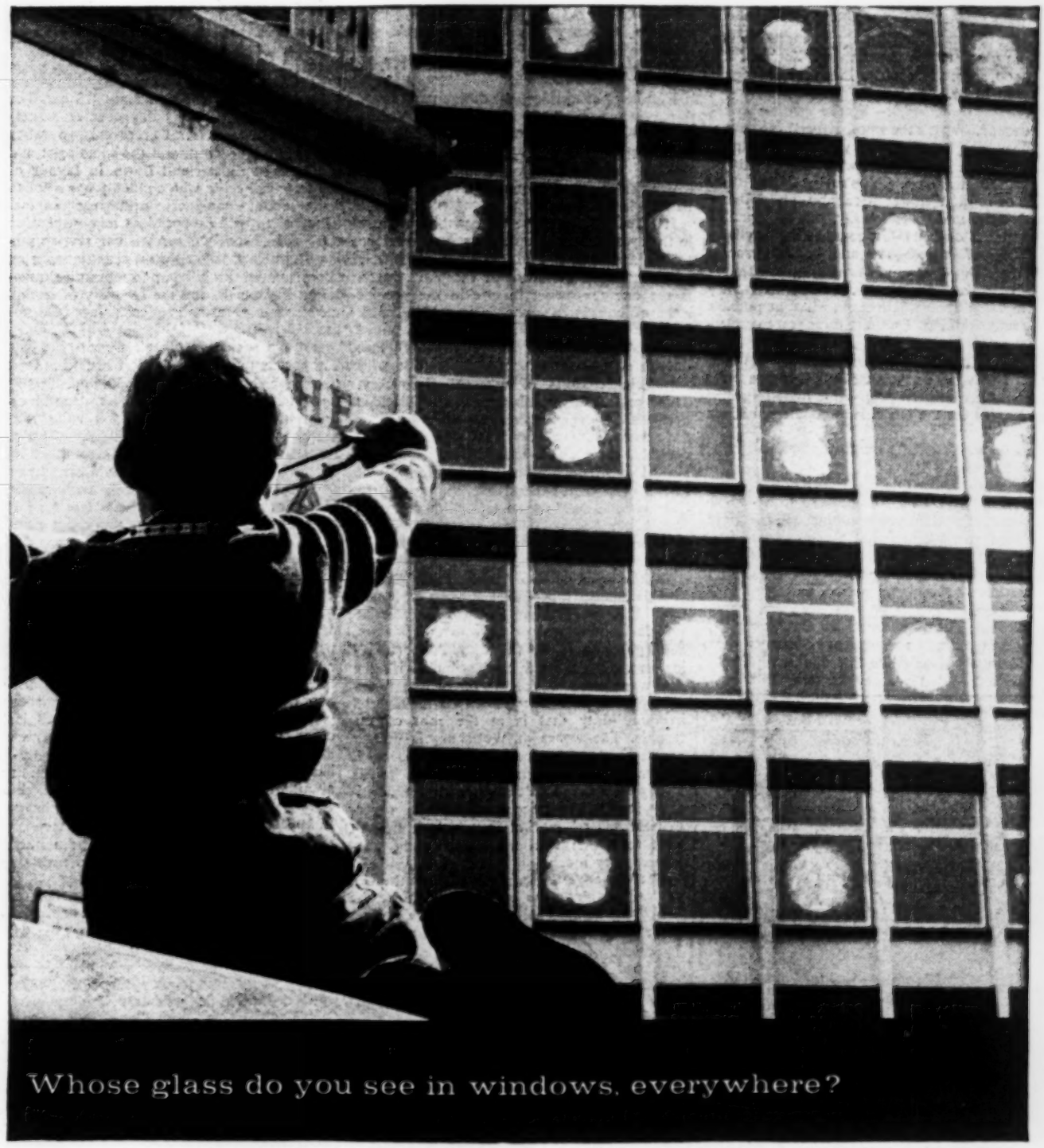
Average Man:—Just what is that? I'd be interested to know.

Pokery:—I didn't come here to be insulted by you.

Overlord:—You are indifferent to the basic facts of politics. You're apathetic. You'd rather have a new washing-machine than . . .

Average Man:—Than what, precisely, if I may make so bold as to ask?

Pokery:—Than the kind of idealism and sense of purpose which used to inform the readers



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of my papers in the days when my father still had enough sense to let them make a little money for him.

Average Man:—I know your telly interests make a bit of money for you. Doesn't mean to say I'm glued to the damn thing. Some of it's good, some of it's lousy. Like the newspapers used to be.

Overlord (*soothingly*):—You're getting over-excited. What's the word, Jiggers? Nostalgic. Just bear in mind that you don't want an intelligent newspaper with any kind of radical tradition. You're past all that. You're a Welfare State and an Affluent Society, and quite frankly, old boy, you've lost the capacity for appreciating anything but guff, cheese-cake and bomb-horror.

Average Man (*assuming a threatening attitude*):—Listen, you two horrors. I came here to try to tell you something about what the public's really thinking. I want to *force* you to understand.

Overlord (*pressing button under desk*):—I think, if I may say so, you rather mis-estimate the relations between people like myself and Sir Jiggery on the one hand and the public on the other.

(*Enter four uniformed commissionaires in jackboots.*)

Overlord:—Show this gentleman out.

Average Man:—But I don't want to be shown out. It's what you're doing all the time. First you tell me what I want, which isn't what I want, and then you abuse me for not wanting it.

Overlord:—*Throw* this person out.

(*The attendants do so.*)

Pokery:—You see? How can anyone make a profit out of an intelligent newspaper when there are people like that about?

Overlord:—Bloody nosey Parkers.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The End of Insolence

REYNER BANHAM

In spite of everything, the design news from this year's Motor Show is that the Volkswagen, the all-German wonder-bug, is apparently unchanged. News? This is news like the continuance of *Apartheid* or the Chiang regime on Formosa; news that will be better when it stops.

It takes a little nerve to say this, because in the eyes of most people concerned with the theory and criticism of design, the Platonic permanence of the form of the Volkswagen is the one reassuring feature in the present state of consumer-goods design. Here, they believe, is a product with a really advanced specification (it isn't, not any more) that doesn't deprave and dazzle public taste with superficial changes of external gimmickry. This particular combination of Platonic aesthetics with ignorance of the nature of technology, summed up in the slogan 'a good design is for ever', is fading slowly, but very slowly, and it still holds sway in the seats of power – last year, for instance, the jury of the *Compasso d'Oro* award withheld the prize for Italian designers from Marcello Nizzoli in order to punish him for altering the style of Olivetti typewriters.

In the eyes of the International Design Establishment, the Volkswagen is a sacred cow; but, in fact, it is an objectionable vehicle from several points of view. I'm not, here, going to revive the scandals surrounding its early life as a Nazi swindle – it's the post-war history of Volkswagen as a textbook example of pure Burnhamesque managerial irresponsibility that is at the root of the trouble. The works at Wolfsburg is neither nationalised nor owned by shareholders, it recognises no responsibilities except to its own workers, and its consequently unrealistically low selling price guarantees it a permanent sellers' market in which it doesn't have to bother with the needs of the consumers very much.

But VW advertising, particularly in the US, cynically exploits the belief that because the VW offers no external styling changes, it gives more hidden technical improvements instead. However, when you average out the hidden technical improvements to the Volks over the 25 years of its existence, they are fewer than in most cars that have offered annual styling changes as well. In the meantime, nothing radical has been done about the car's outstanding design faults; a body that lags behind current standards of accommodation and visibility (compare the 'Mini-minor' which gives more of both in a smaller car) and a combination of suspension, aerodynamics and weight distribution that causes its notorious instability (the 'Cha-cha-cha back-end', I have heard it called in Germany). The only way to cure these faults, and offer the public better service, would be to build a different car – and that is something Wolfsburg, in the grip of the worst case of industrial inertia in Europe, seems incapable of doing.

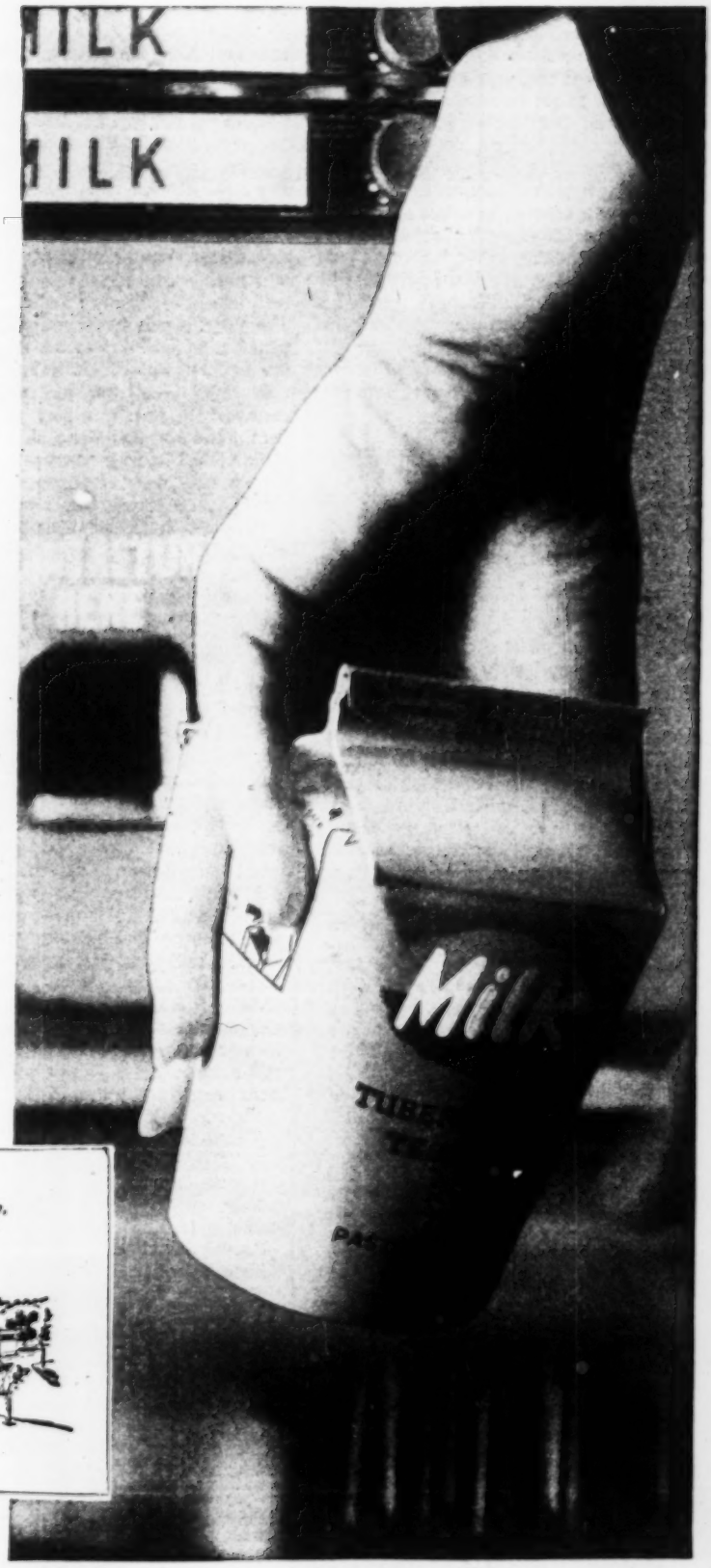
The sterility of the VW approach is rubbed in by the new US compact cars. It is clear that the 'Insolent Chariots' period is over in Detroit – not that the product is any less insolent, in spite of the disappearance of tail-fins – but the insolence is no longer the point. The US car as a sociopsychological melodrama in Cinerama and futuristic Metrocolor is no longer the significant US car. The rich mine of lurid copy dug over by writers like Hayakawa (Your Car reveals your Sex Fears) is worked out, and the sociologist and psychologist must stand down in favour of the technical critic who suddenly has a lot to write about – compacts with rear engines (Chevrolet), with independent rear-suspension (Chevrolet, Pontiac), torsion bar rear-springing (Rambler), radically revised transmission (Pontiac). All this adds up to a technical revolution in Detroit, and the recovery of technical leadership, in the production-car field, for the US industry.

But the sociologists can't dismiss just yet. The insolent chariots have left behind at least two problems that need evaluation. Firstly, how real are Detroit's claims to consumer-orientation? Even if the answer is only 25 per cent, it still represents a bigger effort to ascertain consumer needs than any other industry is making. Secondly, would the current technical upheaval be possible without the preceding six years of aesthetic free-for-all? In a capitalist-type society, the worst problem about technical improvements is to make people want to buy them – it just isn't true about mousetraps, paths and doors; people like the mousetraps they know. But once it was found that the mass-market would buy aesthetic novelties, and once it was found what sort of aesthetic novelties they would buy, the industry was launched on a styling-binge that is still in full swing and has done two quite unexpected things. Firstly it has precipitated a number of hidden technical changes required to make cars workable in their ever more fantastic shapes; secondly it has completely pulped all preconceptions about what a car should look like, and thus opened the way for yet more violent changes in appearance necessitated by major technical revisions such as rear engines. The aesthetic revolution appears to have been a necessary forerunner of the technical.

But before indiscriminate hosannas are raised to the name of Detroit, it is necessary to be straight about the US industry's motives. Some voices at the Council of Industrial Design hailed the compacts (in the campfire jargon that seems to be a speciality at Haymarket House) as 'a sock-pulling-up operation,' and believed that Detroit has seen the evil of her ways. They should get stronger rose-tinted spectacles – the US industry has not altered its commercial pitch, or suffered any change of heart. It has simply observed that it is now possible to sell a non-insolent car on a large enough scale to turn a fairly fast buck.

In doing so, it undermines a fundamental proposition of Design Establishment philosophy. In pursuit of the faster buck, Detroit cheerfully admitted that it was giving the public what it wanted. This is known in Haymarket House as 'playing down to the lowest common denominator of public taste', and for proof they had only to point at the flamboyant impracticability of the Detroit product. But now Detroit, still giving the public what it wants, is also, apparently, playing up to the highest common factor (or whatever the correct cliché is) of public taste at the same time. The old, standardised and unquestioned, public-school-pink propositions

How they buy milk these days



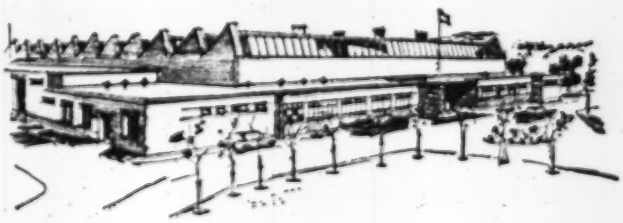
Latest beverage reports show that more and more people are taking their milk—and fruit juices—in cartons. Even Bowater Perga, who make more of these cartons than anyone else in Britain, have found it difficult to keep pace with demand.

Two things are being done. A new factory has been set up at Brynmenyn, South Wales, and new equipment has been installed in the Bowater Perga plant at Gateshead. Between them they will double milk carton output and help satisfy several million thirsts.

This is a growth industry in action. And paper making is a growth industry.

BRYNMENYN, SOUTH WALES

The new Bowater factory for the production of Perga milk cartons. In addition, new equipment has been installed in the Bowater Perga factory at Gateshead. Part of Bowaters' investment in progress.



Bowaters...investing in progress

IN GREAT BRITAIN · CANADA · UNITED STATES OF AMERICA · AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND · SOUTH AFRICA
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that all common taste is bad, and all commercialism is evil, appear to need some revision.

This is not to say they need *reversal*; simple fast-buck commercialism can never be made to look good from the consumer-victim's end. But how simple is commercialism when it has in self-defence to get through a mass of consumer research and market study before it dare release a product on the world? And how can you condemn public taste as 'low' without adopting a position of snobbery intolerable in a Liberal, let alone a Socialist. The concept of good design as a form of aesthetic charity done on the labouring poor from a great height is incompatible with democracy as I see it. We need, instead, a concept of good design as the radical solution to the problems of satisfying consumer needs. We need an end to insolence on the part of our pundits, as well as at the Motor Show.

Committed Cabaret

JOHN MANDER

One of the few political pleasures of travelling in Germany today is the continued existence of the very lively 'political cabarets', like the *Kleine Freiheit* in Munich, or *Die Stachelschweine* in Berlin. An evening spent with *Die Stachelschweine* ('The Porcupines') recently, convinced me of one thing: if there's nothing as good as this in London, it can't really be for lack of talent, or lack of material for satire. Compared to the sort of thing *Die Stachelschweine* has been doing for the last 12 years, our satirical revues – think of *One to Another* – seem flabby and mealy-mouthed. Why is it that they remind one, disastrously, of *Punch* and *Granta*? Why, even with Miss Littlewood, does the golden heart tend, fatally, to gleam through and spoil the effect?

Satire mustn't be nice. And Berliners, when they go to one of these cabarets, don't expect it to be. They're prepared to see their idols take hard knocks, and to take hard knocks themselves. Indeed, the almost masochistic effect is heightened by the intimacy of the proceedings. You sit at small tables huddled round the stage, or on rickety chairs in the body of a cellar-like room about 20 feet long. The stage is not much more than a raised platform projecting into the room; the walls are daubed with black paint and covered with brightly coloured posters and political cartoons. It was this sort of atmosphere Brecht had in mind when he was protesting against the German tendency to treat the theatre as a place of religious worship. (It's significant that the enormously successful *Stachelschweine*, when invited to move to a conventional theatre, turned the offer down. Do our revues suffer from being put on, necessarily, in *theatres*?)

Undeniably, the great strength of this type of cabaret is the consistency of its moral and political point of view. There is no continuous story, but there is a clear line of argument running through the numbers. (Don't ours, like John Osborne's *Slicky*, tend to hit out in all directions?) You know where you are – even if you don't much like it. Thus, at least eight out of the 12 numbers on the night I went were directly political; and the rest contained the kind of social criticism which is, by implication, political too. The tradition of the political cabaret in Germany goes back a long way, of course, and the targets haven't varied much (alas!) over half a century. They are anti-militarist, anti-clerical, and anti-bourgeois – and, especially in Berlin, anti-Communist. They also strike the foreigner, as, in a sense, anti-German, in that they attack just those things in Germany today which he finds most distasteful. Their influence on other arts is very great. The kind of tough political and social satire we saw in films like *The Girl Rosemarie* or *Roses For The Prosecutor* (or in the brilliant *Wir Wunderkinder*, which will, one hopes, eventually come to London) derives from this tradition – as does much of Dürrenmatt, Brecht, and Georg Kaiser.

Certainly these political cabarets give the lie to critics who argue that politics and art don't mix. The political analysis can be very sophisticated indeed – and remain fine art. Take this number: a young law student, fleeing from East Germany, wants to go on with his law studies in West Germany (this is a highly topical and in many ways embarrassing problem). You are shown, in a flashback, the boy's quarrel with his ex-Nazi father before he flees from the East. In danger of arrest for distributing anti-Ulbricht pamphlets, his father blames him for having got the family into trouble. 'If it hadn't been for your Hitler', says the young man, 'it wouldn't have been necessary to distribute those pamphlets'. In West Germany he finds plenty of propaganda about freedom – but little enough freedom in the concrete. 'So you want to study law', his professor asks him, 'you belong to a *corps*, of course, don't you?' It is explained to him that he doesn't, of course, *have* to join – but 'everybody does, you know'. 'Ah, but that's just why I left the East, you see, because I refused to do what everybody does', the young man replies. Again, in a Munich beergarden an elderly man comes up to him and, hearing he's a refugee, stands him a beer. 'Just you wait, young man, when we're strong enough, we'll kick those bastards back over the Urals'. 'Ah, you remind me of my father', says the young man sadly, the wheel comes full circle, and goes his way.

One couldn't, perhaps, have a shrewder analysis of what the division of Germany means, not internationally, but in terms of individual lives. What's impressive, too, is that there is nothing complacent or self-pitying about all this: this is the kind of problem that touches everyone present on the raw. Not a few who come have been, after all, Nazis in their time: they are reminded that the evil they helped to unleash is a continuing plague.

The secret of the artistic success lay, it seemed to me, in the quite open, even frankly didactic, commitment. The German political landscape is, God knows, gloomy enough; but as long as this sort of thing goes on, one can't help feeling that Herr Strauss may not perhaps, after all, end up as the Bavarian Salazar.

Sonnambula Awakes

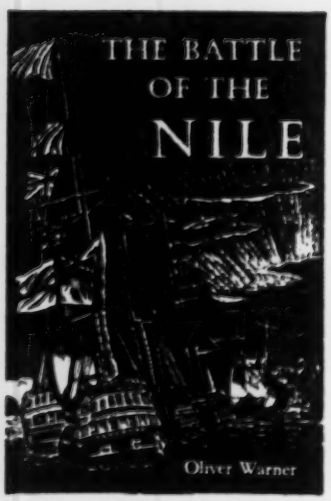
DAVID DREW

As is by now well known, Covent Garden's new production of Bellini's *La Sonnambula* had the misfortune to open while its prima donna and *raison d'être*, Miss Joan Sutherland, was suffering from the effects of a cold. The audience need not have been alarmed. Miss Sutherland's performance was a triumph of courage, technique and musicality. With the purely physical brilliance of her voice somewhat dimmed, her sheer musicianship was more than sufficient to hold the attention and make one forget the odds against which she was struggling. In surmounting the most formidable vocal challenges, she manages to preserve an air of innocent simplicity which is the very essence of the Bellini heroine. The technique is only there to make music possible, and the music of the most elaborate of these *fioriture* is at heart and at best that of a simple bouquet: simulating a natural abundance with slight material, it achieves through an 'artificial' form a certain orderliness and a certain sentimental appeal. Miss Sutherland brings to it all the grace and meaning it can sustain.

Inevitably, singing of this order is a test for the male partners, and although Agostino Lazzari is a sound Elvino, it is not hard to see why, for instance, a large section had to be cut from the duet 'Son geloso del zeffiro errante'. In general, the cast is excellent, and it is clearly worthwhile having a conductor of the stature of Tullio Serafin to conduct a score of this kind. But tempi and the violins are not the only things of importance, and the wind and brass entries, especially in tutti chords, still require attention.

The new production gives us cause to reflect on the current and understandable vogue for the 'prima donna opera'. Musically, it reopens a byway which once had an important function, but which today has too much 'charm' and too little substance to be entirely

BRITISH BATTLES SERIES



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safe. A style which depends more on ornamentation than on distinctive motives is likely to be infertile. Formality and inner repetitiveness are prerequisites in the game of casting a spell, as every conjuror knows, and where spells are cast without very solid reward being offered, there will always be those who obstinately refuse to be enthralled. Melodically, some of Bellini and more of Donizetti seems to call for a Runyonesque comment: very nice if you happen to like that sort of thing. Analytically compared, the melodies too often lack any truly individualised profile. They remain, in their undeniably graceful and refined way, something which can easily be called 'that sort of thing'.

Harmony and tonality are necessarily peripheral considerations here, and those who are not spellbound will be very thankful for small mercies. For instance, how grateful one is for the modest variety provided by the dissonances which result from the oblique motion of the accompaniment to the delightful chorus of the villagers as they discover the sleeping Amina. A similarly rousing effect is made by the reiterated dominant sevenths which restore the key of E major after a burst of G major in the opening chorus of the second act. A related tonal step is responsible for what is perhaps the opera's most striking musical event, when Theresa interrupts the B flat chorus of the villagers with the D flat of her 'Piano amici'. This is not the work of a mere charmer. This is Bellini 'the beautiful'. He should not be idolised. But neither should he be forgotten.

Quiet Arrival

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

When Karel Reisz came up with *We Are the Lambeth Boys*, there could be little doubt that sooner or later he would take the plunge into feature. It may not seem such a plunge. Already his adolescents, getting together, looking for something, sweeping into elation on the long drive home, were on the edge. From life, as this director found and encouraged it, would surely emerge story enough to capture the big audiences?

But that isn't how it works, especially in Britain where the wire entanglements round Entertainment let in no stranger who hasn't deposited his ideas outside Documentary and feature, like Third Programme and Light, remain separate worlds. Where Free Cinema (let the people meet the people) differed from its predecessors was in aiming revolution at the industry itself; and indeed, with *Room at The Top*, the first response came through commercial channels. True, shock tactics mingled with sensationalism, a top-coating of realism showed thin in places: no wonder, since through the original fiction its author could be glimpsed shinning up the ladder of fortune. Requiring no such compromise, *Look Back in Anger* went further, but could not help looking back on stage success. In both films a limelight of working-class origins heightened the escape.

More modestly and simply comes Karel Reisz's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (Warner's). It doesn't belt you in the eye, wave tags of commitment, or ride movements outside the cinema. Alan Sillitoe's novel from which it is taken is an engagingly frank, inconclusive story, indulging neither self-pity nor the success germ: its 'hero of our times' is no class chameleon, and his protest is the

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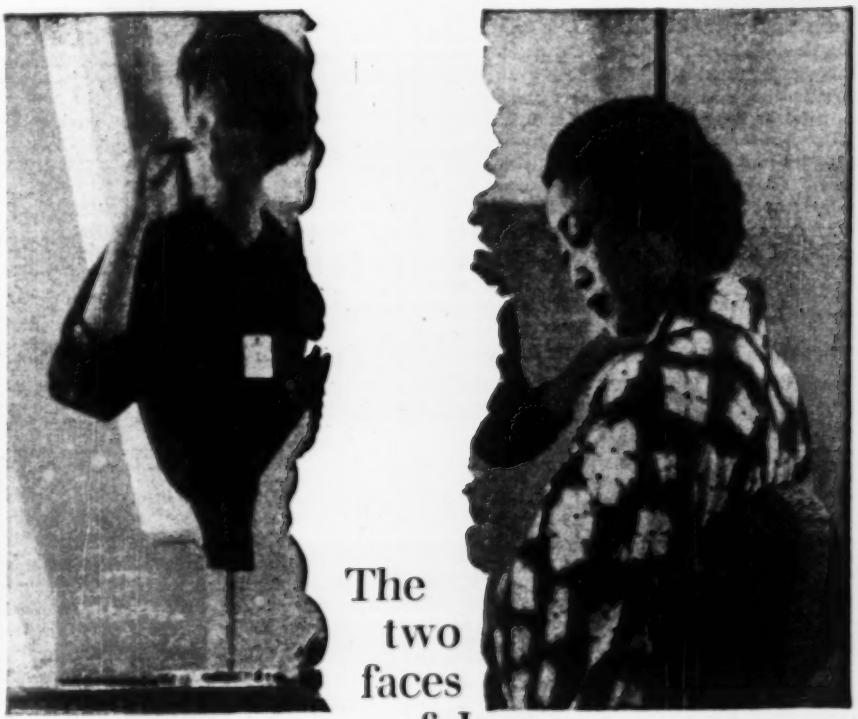

The two faces of Japan

The impact of Western influence on an Oriental way of life during the fifteen years since Hiroshima is highlighted in this programme. This impact is vividly illustrated in the stories of four Japanese — a fashion model, a student, a dockyard worker and a housewife.

The economic and political position of Japan in relation to the United States and Communist China is discussed in interviews with the Japanese Prime Minister and the Leader of the Socialist Opposition, who was assassinated a few days after being filmed. The programme, introduced by Tom Harrisson, an authority on the Far East, is written by Cyril Bennett and directed by Peter Morley.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

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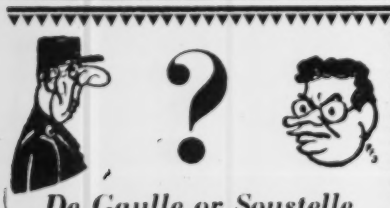
instinctive one of many who brim with more life than their back-street-and-workshop preserve will allow. When his weekend comes he splashes himself in beer and women; he will see a new girl over the shoulder of the old, fire an airgun pellet at a street gossip, dodge out of the front as the husband comes in at the back, get tangled in abortion, take the beating-up that's coming to him, and ruefully at last fall in love. Flinging a stone at the new estate on which perhaps they'll settle he has come a long way from his initial 'What I want is a good time: the rest is propaganda'. We may not know where's he's going any more than he does; but he will fight and not lie down. His wild Saturdays are balanced by Sundays when he will go fishing and let thoughts circle about.

With his thrust Arthur is someone we've all met, and Albert Finney exactly fulfils the part, bluff, tough, a liar with a heart, a comedian who will take knocks, one who earns a bit more and lives a heap more than his mates. This vital performance even gains from inexperience, because the vague moodiness and lack of elaboration are inherent. Shirley Anne Field has appeal and just enough spirit for Doreen; and Rachel Roberts brings a poignant conviction to the married woman who must let go her lover and accept his baby. In the handling of his actors, Karel Reisz shows the tact and sympathy so few directors coming from documentary can attain. They are never cut-outs against a ground; and needless to say his Nottingham with its engineering shop, streets, pubs, and small dwelling rooms is achieved with quiet mastery. No showing-off, not even in the climax in the fair scene which gets no more than its natural flourish. Felicities – in the sound-track, for example – pile up almost unnoticed; one knows they are there because the scene never goes flat. Thank heaven for a director who can afford to use restraint!



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ROBERT HALE

Tale of Two Sisters

JEREMY BROOKS

Mr Jack Ronder's first West End play, *This Year, Next Year* (Vaudeville), plainly reveals him from the start as a dramatist of considerable talent, but his failure to make his characters' past as vivid as he does their present makes it very hard for us to take any interest at all in their future. Here are two sisters, both unmarried, both nudging 40: Margaret is attractive, ebullient, fun-loving and domestically useless; Louie is colourless, housepoud, bored and resentful. Each inhibits the other from a full life, neither will take the step that would break the emotional web they have woven about themselves. Some explanation is given about which of them owns the large house, and why, and several longish speeches deal vaguely with their childhood and early life. And yet, despite the odd nasty painting, the packet of cornflakes, the copies of the *Guardian*, these two mutually parasitic ladies live in a complete social and cultural vacuum. Since they seemed to come from nowhere, it was difficult to care very deeply where they might be going. The instant they left the stage, they ceased to exist.

This is a pity. Mr Ronder has placed on the stage, with considerable psychological precision, one of those passionate tugs-of-war which bind the contestants all the more firmly together the harder they try to pull apart. The different kinds of jealousy experienced by the sisters, and their different kinds of dependence, are finely observed and delicately balanced against each other. The situation is interesting in its own right; had it been more firmly rooted it would certainly have been an adequate dramatic theme. John Dexter, who did so well by Mr Wesker, attempts in his very detailed and imaginative directing to give the play the social depth that it lacks. Pamela Brown and Brenda Bruce are a most convincing pair as the sisters and Michael Gough gives a really excellent performance as the alcoholic *deus-ex*-the-attic-flat. The one thorough going failure in character drawing, bravely struggled with by Terence Stamp, is the gangling Angry Young Blockhead, an attempt to pander to the current obsession with the Contemporary which alienated more sympathy than the play could afford to lose.

Could one think of more unlikely stablemates than William Saroyan and Henry Cecil? There is in fact no discernible trace of the former's hand in his adaptation of the latter's legal comedy *Settled Out of Court* (Strand Theatre). This is a whodunnit in reverse: a who-didn't-do-it. A convicted murderer employs a master-crook to round up the witnesses whose evidence condemned him to life imprisonment, and take over the house of the judge who presided at the trial; and, having escaped from prison himself, forces them all to hold a re-trial at gun-point. To criticise this play at its point of weakness, it would be necessary to give away vital secrets, so I will content myself with saying, with one of the characters: 'I understand every word you say, but I don't understand a word you're saying.' Maxine Audley and Nigel Patrick very stylishly lead a talented cast. Anthony Holland's sumptuous set was built to last.

Sive, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

The latest Irish theatre disturbance, a play called *Sive*, has reached Hammersmith, accompanied, it seems, by a force of bow-tied Kerrymen, who roar and clap every turn of a hand upon the stage. But all their *fagh-a-mballa* will not clear the way for *Sive* in London; for this is a provincial play, a bog opera, without reference or reality outside rural Ireland. There are living problems and dying problems, and *Sive* poses nothing that a couple of factories in the neighbourhood wouldn't cure. The play is old in story – a virgin of sweet 16 is sold in marriage to a rich lecher of sour 70 – and old in style, the melodrama of Dion Boucicault. O'Casey also employed Boucicault but, like a dog out of water, shook him off; Mr Keane is still dripping.

But, despite the rigours of Hammersmith, in its own Irish haggart, *Sive* has considerable meaning – the boys weren't dressed for dancing. In a year the play has had 400 amateur productions; an avalanche. Why? The frustrations of Ireland are loudly shouted; the squander of youth resented; blight is seen on potato and on man. At Ballybunnion there's a point in this play. Moreover it touches, and tramples, themes that are taboo in the parishes – abortion, suicide, seduction, illegitimacy – which makes going to the village hall to see *Sive* something of a conspiracy. The 400 amateur productions prove merely that this is potent amateur dramatics. At Hammersmith only the sorrowful P. G. Stephens (playing a tinker) and the wise old trooper Harry Hutchinson survived an inept production.

H. A. L. C.

Correspondence

LABOUR'S CRISIS

SIR, – The constitutional contortions of Mr Christopher Mayhew and his associates, since they first found themselves in a minority at Scarborough, are extremely instructive and may be of great significance for the future of parliamentary government. First, he took his stand on the sacred ground that an MP's primary obligations must be to his own conscience, judgment and election pledges. This was refreshing. For this is precisely the case which a small minority in the Parliamentary Labour Party has presented over many years. The Standing Orders of the Parliamentary Party were based on a theory entirely contrary to Mr Mayhew's new-found liberalism; that is the reason why many of us voted against them when they were reintroduced in 1952. Mr Mayhew and his friends have persistently denied to others the rights they now claim for themselves.

One of the victims, on numerous occasions throughout his life, of Mr Mayhew's pre-Scarborough theory was Aneurin Bevan. Another was Sydney Silverman in 1954. A third was Dick Crossman earlier this year when Mr Gaitskell virtually sought to reinstitute the Standing Orders which he had been forced to abandon at the beginning of the sessions and, indeed, carried his ideas of limiting free debate much further than ever before. Will Mr Mayhew now tell us why he voted for the withdrawal of the Whip from Aneurin Bevan in 1955; why he did not leap to the defence of Sydney Silverman in 1954; why he made no protest in 1960 at the time of the Crossman affair? In the absence of any explanation of these shameful silences, his theory seems to be that it is important for the House of Commons to have at its disposal the unfettered conscience and judgment of, say, Mr Mayhew, Mr Wyatt and Mr Healey while no such provision was desirable in the case of Mr Bevan, Mr Silverman and Mr Crossman – a novel constitutional doctrine which, I suspect would not have been approved by Edmund Burke.

Conceivably, Mr Mayhew will protest that, for one reason or another, he did not vote on the Gaitskellite ticket of intolerance when the Whip was withdrawn from Aneurin Bevan in 1955. If so, that merely illustrates the case. There

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are no means of checking how or whether an MP votes at the party meetings. They are secret and, in this sense, utterly irresponsible gatherings where no rules of procedure protect minorities. No constituent can discover whether an MP has stood by his election pledges there. And yet it is to this body, according to Mr Mayhew's ideas even in his new liberal mood, that almighty power must be conceded – power to interfere with an MP's conscience, judgment and election pledges; power even to determine the final principles and policies of the party. Again, I suspect, Edmund Burke would not agree.

Of course there *are* constitutional difficulties involved in the relative position of the Party Conference and the Parliamentary Party. But their solution is not assisted by Mr Mayhew's attempt to blur some simple facts. Every member of the Labour Party joins the Labour Party on the understanding that the conference *does* have the right to determine its general principles and official policies. It is hard to see what other body can perform this function. It is no solution, and certainly no democratic one, that this right of the conference should be abrogated in favour of the secret, irresponsible party meetings in parliament.

On the other hand, an MP's rights to the exercise of conscience, judgment and loyalty to his election pledges must be protected and, indeed, restored, for they have not existed under the Gaitskellite-Mayhewite regime of the past. It is comic that Mr Mayhew should now talk of the dangers of 'an immense drop in the status of Labour MPs' when the form of discipline he has so consistently approved has been a chief agency contributing to that decline in prestige.

The solution must be sought along the lines of acknowledging that the decision of the secret party meeting cannot be considered *binding*, with all the apparatus of Whip-withdrawal and expulsion from the party ready in the background to be applied. If the individual MP claims (as Mr Mayhew now claims) that conference decisions cannot be binding on his conduct, then at least equally the decision of the party meeting cannot be binding. In short, one of the good by-products of Scarborough can be a genuine restoration of free debate and voting on the floor of the House of Commons – the very doctrine of which Mr Gaitskell has been one of the leading opponents for years.

MICHAEL FOOT

Tribune

SIR, – Critic's comments on the Victory for Sanity manifesto do not help intelligent discussion of the disastrous plight of the Labour Party. Why is it necessary to vilify us as 'right wing splitters'? We are not contenders for power and glory; we are the foot-sloggers on whom the party rests. We know that there are other foot-sloggers who hold different views from ours, and we, like they, are entitled to be heard. Apparently to shout 'Gaitskell must go' is serving the cause of unity, but to loyally back the elected leader of the party is 'right-wing splitting'.

I would ask your readers actually to read our manifesto which I should be glad to send to them. We do not expect agreement on everything and have deliberately stated our views on things on which we agree in order to keep a perspective. We do expect our views to be listened to, for they are widely held, as the magnificent response has shown.

Would you not serve the cause of unity better if you argued with us rationally as comrades in the movement, rather than distorting what we are trying to say into preconceived patterns of fear and hatred? We want to challenge the movement because we believe in it, have devoted our lives to it, and want it to live. If you insist on damning us as heretics there is nothing for it but for you, and those who think like you, to leave the Labour Party, or for the thousands who think like us to do so. Your attitude, not ours, is making such a disastrous outcome seem inevitable.

FRANK PICKSTOCK

78 Sandfield Road
Oxford

SIR, – Many loyal members of the Labour movement are deeply concerned at the danger of a split in the party. While not wishing to indulge in personalities, they feel that it is an essential of leadership to attempt to hold together the broad coalition of forces which have built the movement from its foundation. Attlee succeeded in doing this from a position in the centre; Macdonald and Lansbury were unable to do so, because of their different but equally unrepresentative convictions. Those who are urging Labour MPs to ignore the views of important sections of the movement as represented in conference are inviting disaster. The duty of the Parliamentary Labour Party is surely to find a leader who can reunite the movement.

Many of us feel that wise leadership could have avoided the futile controversy over Clause Four, and even *The Times* has shown that the division on defence policy was not imbridgeable. Cannot the various leading men in the party who have recently been trying to find solutions collectively agree that one of them should seek the support of all those in the parliamentary party who recognise the paramount need for re-establishing a united movement?

H. D. HUGHES

Noke
Oxford

SIR, – I do not believe the delegates in the Scarborough defence debates voted according to whether or not they supported Mr Gaitskell. Contrary to the opinion of Mr Gaitskell and some of his supporters, I believe that the delegates were more interested in the future of the human race than the future of Mr Gaitskell.

Having said this, may I say that I agree with you that it is impossible for Mr Gaitskell to continue as leader of the party for two reasons? First, because there is a strong and growing body within the party who believe in unilateral nuclear disarmament, and the leader of the party must come to terms with it. Mr Gaitskell is unlikely to do this, but obviously even if he were to do so, after all his previous pronouncements, the electorate would be singularly unimpressed.

Secondly, because my experience as a Young Socialist, with contacts among many other Young Socialists in other groups in the London area at least, has shown me that Mr Gaitskell has been so successful in alienating young people on the left – his performance at Scarborough being the last straw – that I do not think that in view of the fact that these young people will be playing an increasing part in Labour Party affairs every year, it will be possible to unite the party under his leadership.

As an instance let me add that my branch of the Young Socialists is unanimously anti-bomb and anti-Gaitskell, and at our last meeting a resolution was carried unanimously instructing me to write to him telling him this.

PAUL TODD, *Secretary*
Reigate Young Socialists

3 Grange Close
Merstham
Surrey

SIR – In reply to my letter, Mr Levy holds that although the case against threatening to use nuclear weapons may not be morally self-evident it is at least 'readily demonstrable'. For it is not even plausible to claim that the unilateral abandonment of the H-bomb will increase the risk of nuclear war. As no one else has taken up the argument I should like to answer this point. Its apparent plausibility depends on a confusion. Mr Levy equates the unilateral renunciation of the H-bomb with the mere abandonment of an independent British deterrent, and argues that 'it is generally accepted that our own nuclear potential is quite insufficient to deter and thus irrelevant'. No doubt this is correct but the unilateralism which I was originally concerned with involves not simply abandoning the independent British deterrent, but any alliance based on a nuclear deterrent. In practice this would almost certainly mean, in present circumstances, abandoning Nato and the American alliance, and it is this policy which many argue would increase the risk of nuclear war. Their grounds for this belief are usually that if Britain abandoned the western alliance the balance of power would shift appreciably, or even decisively, towards the USSR, with a variety of possible consequences, all equally dangerous. I do not want to argue here for or against this view but to insist again that it is in terms of political strategy, not only the short term strategy of the preceding argument but, much more decisively, long term policy, that the defence problem, in its moral as well as its political aspect, has to be resolved.

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG

SIR, – The onslaught in London Diary last week on Sydney Silverman strikes at least one of your readers as less than fair. Although perhaps he made a minor tactical error in suggesting that the present obduracy of the right could lead to the appearance of two Parliamentary Labour Parties, there is no doubt that Silverman's exposition of the constitutional position – of the impossibility of Gaitskell, *as leader*, fighting tooth-and-nail the Scarborough decisions on defence – was the best explanation yet offered to the movement.

Moreover, his subsequent statement of the dilemma facing supporters of the former official defence statement – what do you do when the Americans refuse to accept, as they certainly will, your 'requirements' for staying in Nato? – was a sufficiently cogent point obviously to have impressed the *Guardian* correspondent who covered Silverman's press conference.

Critic adduces no evidence to support his view that Silverman's recent actions have unjustly branded the unilateralists as 'splitters'. On the face of it, this would seem to be grossly unfair to our leader, Hugh Gaitskell, whose public resolve to 'fight, fight and fight again' the conference decisions should certainly have protected

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his copyright to the title of party splitter-in-chief.

But in any case, surely Critic would not persist in his view that Silverman was unwise to 'rush off and issue it to the press'? Quite apart from the provocative statements of the right, it is difficult to see why a public figure like Silverman, anxious to persuade public opinion inside and outside the party to his point of view, should sign a self-denying ordinance at such a time. Many of your readers will be grateful that he has chosen to speak out – not least because of his timely reminder that almost all of Labour's enemies want to see Gaitskell win.

RUSSELL KERR

25 Medfield Street
SW15

DEATH OF THE CHRONICLE

SIR, – Tales of woe are flowing fast and bitterly in Fleet Street, following the devourment of the *News Chronicle* by the *Daily Mail*. These three instances are only too typical of the generous and compassionate way the *Chronicle* management has eased the burden of its employees:

(1) A young man was hired by the editor of the *News Chronicle*, in September, as deputy features editor, with promises of golden prospects. He resigned from a soundly-established national newspaper and went on two weeks' holiday to freshen up for the job; his big chance, so he thought. Halfway through the second week, he picked up the *Daily Mail* – to find he was unemployed. Now the *Mail* have told him they cannot possibly employ him in that position, with the money his useless contract promised. Charitably, they add they 'may be able to fit him in' at a later date, at a salary less than he was getting on the paper he left.

(2) A long-service sub-editor (middle-aged, married, three children) left the *Mail* for the *Chronicle* two weeks before the close-down. The *Mail* won't take him back. He is not eligible for any compensation.

(3) A senior photographer (aged 48, married, three children) is now on the dole after 30 years' service. He has got one week's pay for every year on the *Chronicle*, but a pension vaguely promised some time ago has not materialised. He hasn't even got his camera. The *Chronicle* management refused to sell it to him when he left, and locked it up with all the others as part of the lock-stock-and-barrel deal.

It is not hard to understand the feelings of disgust, distaste and bitterness felt in even the most cynical Fleet Street office at the moment – particularly in view of the unctuous propaganda now being disseminated regarding 'generous terms of compensation'. As one out-of-work *Chronicle* journalist said to me, after borrowing a pound: 'I suppose we're expected to bridge the gap with a Cadbury's snack'.

I always suspected Cadbury's chocolates had hard centres.

FLEET STREETER

11 Elms Road
SW4

CUBAN PROSPECTS

SIR, – Mr Hobsbawm's report on that 'remarkably endearing and encouraging revolution' sounds too good to be true. Indeed it does not give a complete picture and NEW STATESMAN readers are not served by half-truths.

True is that Castro enjoys vast popular support at the moment. After all he is the embodiment of all anti-US feeling, far more so than any other Latin American dictator before him, for he is not tainted with middle-class ties and financial cooperation with the big North American interests. And all his romantic claptrap appeals to the Latin American flair for carnival and theatre. This combination accounts for the favourable public opinion polls.

Suspicions of NEW STATESMAN readers must have been aroused on reading that 'TV can produce something close to direct democracy'.

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They might think democracy was better safeguarded by free parliamentary elections, which Castro refuses. Mr Hobsbawm should have mentioned that Castro also suppresses all critical opinion and treats it as counter-revolutionary under his 'rule of law'. Furthermore, freedom of the press has been abolished by the simple device of banning all independent newspapers. Worse still, in the economic field, the regime wages a relentless war against the free trade unions. And there can be no democracy if trade union rights are suppressed. The trade unions have been submitted to government control, all anti-Communists have been removed from leading positions, bargaining rights have been severely curtailed, free movement of labour has been restricted, workers' income has been reduced by 15 per cent through a system of 'voluntary contributions', so well loved by all totalitarian regimes, and wages have been frozen indefinitely.

Considering all this Mr Hobsbawm's friend Pepe had no right to consider himself a Bevanite and still call this 'a good revolution'.

W. F. BARAZETTI

41 Waller St
Luton

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

SIR, – Mr Berenbaum, in his letter in your issue of 22 October, and Mr Barclay, in his letter the previous week, suggest that the reference in my earlier letter to 50 per cent fission from nuclear bombs is based on optimistic conjecture. As my previous letter made it clear, I was quoting from figures given in the Congressional Hearings, which show that the average fission yield for all test explosions has been about 50 per cent. This is not conjecture but actual fact. I must again say that there is nothing in the Congressional Hearings quoted by Mr Berenbaum that makes it necessary to revise the figures given in the British handbook *Nuclear Weapons*.

S. C. KIRKMAN

The White House
West Side
Wimbledon Common, SW19

OUT OF TUNE

SIR, – My experience since I have been teaching piano leads me to believe that the usual source of the trouble is an inability to manage the voice, or at any rate to reproduce the sound heard, a condition which is not necessarily accompanied by an undiscriminating aural perception. Such a case needs individual help; a knowledge of one or two dodges to apply is useful, but most of all are perseverance, patience and faith required by teacher and pupil. I know one young person whose nearest approach to singing a given note six months ago was to sing a sound about a fourth below. She can now, with care, hit the bull's eye – but the corrective process, with a few minutes devoted to it weekly, took three months.

JULIETTE EDWARDS

85 Jack Straw's Lane
Oxford

SIR, – The problem with which Anne Richemont is confronted is probably the same as mine. The defect is certainly not due to lack of training or to a fault of musical perception, which I presume means an accurate ear, but to a psychological (?) inability to gain really accurate control over the vibration of the vocal chords. My father, who was a good singer, tried to teach me to sing, and having failed, enlisted the aid of a choir master who also failed. When I trained to be an actor I acquired a considerable interest in voice training and by hard work gained enough control over the pitch of my voice to make it flexible and give nuances of meaning to speeches which would otherwise have been monotonous, but try as I would I could not control the pitch sufficiently to sing an accurate scale.

In common with Anne Richemont I should like to know more about this subject, particularly if there is any possibility of a cure.

GEOFFREY BARFOOT

Llandoger Trow
5 King Street
Bristol

SIR, – As a schoolmaster with some experience of so called 'tone-deafness', I entirely sympathize with Anne Richemont's problem. The real root of the trouble, I feel, is that children, at an early age, are always encouraged to *look* at things a good deal more than they are encouraged to *listen* to sounds. When this tendency is coupled with a natural vocal laziness common to certain children, the result is this 'tone-deafness'.

As a cure, I ask boys to utter a prolonged note of any pitch they fancy, and then I fix this as a starting point from which I can play, while they sing, a well-known tune such as the National Anthem or Three Blind Mice. At their own, usually low pitch, boys can often utter some resemblance to the tune. They can easily be drawn up from the depths after such a start, and I have found that the condition is very often cured in an average school year.

ALAN C. THOMAS

St Bartholomew's Grammar School
Newbury
Berks

GIBBON AND STRACHEY

SIR – I hesitate to argue with a teacher whom I sincerely respect; but in his letter last week Dr Leavis seems to be firing on his own troops. As I hope my article made clear, I fully agree with him in contrasting 'the significant impressiveness of Gibbon's prose and irony' with the inferiority of Lytton Strachey's: I was surprised, indeed, that he had even compared the two. But he is wrong in thinking that he has brought their names together in only one passage from *The Common Pursuit*. Elsewhere in the same collection he reproaches another critic for 'heavy Gibbonian affectation . . . (inspired, no doubt, by Lytton Strachey)', and on the next page declares that 'England, plainly, cannot be taken full account of in Hudibrastic (or Strachey-Gibbonian) terms.' It may be that the word 'Gibbonian' in the first sentence is intended to mean 'pseudo-Gibbonian' or 'Gibbonesque'; but as it stands it seems to qualify the contrast made in the passage that Dr Leavis now quotes. Indeed, in the paragraph following that passage, he remarks that 'Gibbon's irony, then, habituates and reassures, ministering to a kind of judicial certitude or complacency.' This seems to bear out the conjecture which he thinks I might have spared myself: that is, that despite his respect for Gibbon, Dr Leavis dislikes his supposed smugness – a Stracheyan quality which in Gibbon's case, as I tried to show in my article, is more apparent than real.

RICHARD MAYNE

6 rue Montoyer
Brussels

THE DAILY EXPRESS

SIR, – You commented in the NEW STATESMAN last week that the methods used by two *Daily Express* reporters in the case of Michael Cousins merit 'the careful attention of the Press Council'.

You further reported the allegation that they presented themselves to the daughter of his landlady as friends of his.

The *Daily Express* reporter did nothing of the sort. He made it clear he was a newspaperman. Indeed, the photographer accompanying him produced a camera, asked permission to take a picture of the outside of the house and was given permission to do so.

E. D. PICKERING
Editor

Daily Express

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

A Soviet Literary Revival?

ALEXANDER WERTH

I remember a conversation in Moscow, a few months ago, with my old friend Boris Polevoi, one of the masters of the socialist-realist novel, whose *Story of a Real Man*, a story of Russian wartime heroism, for instance, has sold no fewer than six million copies.

'What,' I said, 'have been the main changes in Soviet literature in the last ten years?'

'We've got a new generation of writers – some of them very, very gifted. I am not saying we have produced a Balzac, or a Dickens, still less a Dostoevsky. But there was a very sterile period in our literature – from about 1946 to 1954; but that's over now. We are getting away from stereotyped writing. There's variety now – plenty of it. I am all in favour of the "hundred flowers" in literature, though personally . . .'

'You carry on in the good old socialist-realist tradition.'

'I certainly do,' Polevoi laughed. 'And I believe in it. In our particular society, literature has got to be educative and inspiring. We've got to remind the young of the war – of our heroism and of German bestiality – many of them are apt to take things too easy. And we've got to develop new enthusiasms among them – enthusiasm for pioneering, for the Virgin Lands.'

Since then I have read Polevoi's new war-time novel *Far in the Rear*. It abounds in 'positive' characters, nearly all of them deeply patriotic, lovable and edifying people – a real lesson to the young of today.

Now, literature in the Soviet Union continues to be a big 'industry'; in May 1959 it was announced at the Third Writers' Congress that the number of professional writers had increased in the last few years from 3,695 to 4,801 – nearly 5,000 more or less full-time writers of fiction, poetry, plays and criticism. Of these, of course, perhaps 50 or, at most, 100 are widely known. Krushchev, though no great literary expert, said, to do him justice, that such literary inflation was not a good thing; to enjoy the various financial and housing benefits attached to the status of a writer had become something of a racket. All the same, it is true that the new recruits do include some brilliant young people.

One may speak of a few fairly distinct periods since Stalin's death and since the end of rigid Zhdanovism – which died soon after Stalin. There came a first 'thaw' in 1954; it was then that Ehrenburg published his novel *The Thaw*, a cautious but still significant attack on Zhdanovism; then, in 1955-56, came a period of much bolder and even more nonconformist writing; this period saw the publication of the since thrice-damned *Literary Moscow Almanack;* and of Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone;* and probably even *Zhivago* would then have been published if only Pasternak had agreed to a few minor cuts.

But after Budapest and the 'Polish October' the Party got thoroughly alarmed, and 1955-56 is now officially referred to as a literary period marred by 'revisionism' – 'fortunately', Krushchev said in 1959, 'a thing of the past – which must be forgiven, though not forgotten.'

A significant aspect of the whole thing is that Russia – and even the 'rebellious' young people there – conformed this time very easily. As one young Russian writer told me: 'This great "freedom movement" in 1956 was all very well; but we did not take long to realise that both the Hungarian and the Polish "revolutions" were essentially anti-Russian. Many of us have been to Warsaw, and we know that every one of those frightfully witty Warsaw jokes was anti-Russian. It was *that* which killed our own "revisionism" outright. Let's face it: our patriotism – or nationalism, if you prefer – was stronger than our love of great intellectual freedom.'

So 1957 was another drab year in Soviet literature. But at the end of it Sputnik fully restored Russian self-confidence, and this had a salutary effect in the literary field. No 'wild' books were published; but writers became less scared than before of touching on 'tricky' subjects. It would be excessive to speak of the 'hundred flowers', but, broadly speaking, Soviet fiction of the last few years may be divided into three groups. First, the edifying socialist-realist novels like Polevoi's *Far in the Rear* or Kochetov's *Yershov Brothers* (which the Party tried to push as hard as possible despite – or perhaps because of – its 'anti-Dudintsev', as well as its vicious anti-intellectual, streak and its anachronistic 'First Five-Year Plan' proletarian pathos). Secondly, a large number of novels – which are, understandably, lapped up – dealing with formerly taboo subjects (Simonov's *The Living and the Dead* describing the desperate first months of the war, when the Army was riddled with inefficiency and a large part of the Moscow population panicked; Pavel Nilin's *Cruelty*, a study of the tortuous mind of an NKVD man, who finally commits suicide; Galina Nikolayeva's *Battle on the Road*, including a harrowing story of an innocent Party member who was trapped and killed by the NKVD, as well as the most full-blooded Soviet love story since Grigori and Axinia in Sholokhov's *Don* – to mention only a few). And finally – perhaps the most interesting development – very numerous stories written in what might be called the 'Chekhovian' tradition, with Kazakov, Nagibin and, above all, Tendryakov amongst its foremost representatives.

Among the Chekhovians, dozens of names could be mentioned; but I shall confine myself to the biggest of them, Vladimir Tendryakov, now 37 years old. The very adjective 'Chekhovian' infuriates the pundits of the Writers' Union, who try to argue that Chekhov's irony and shoulder-shrugging attitude to life are a bourgeois invention, and that Chekhov was 'very nearly' a revolutionary writer; whereupon they trot out *The Cherry Orchard* and its prophetic significance. Yet the Chekhovianism of Tendryakov and others is something really new in Soviet literature – it represents an escape, in a way, from the cruder, black-and-white canons of socialist realism.

Take, for instance, his *Miraculous Ikon* – in which a village boy fishes out of the river a 'miraculous' ikon. The bewildered lad becomes the object of a conflict between the religious and superstitious old people and the Soviet schoolmistress. The story is told with a kind of Chekhovian detachment. Or else, *Bad Roads*, which tells of a crowded lorry which overturns miles away from anywhere; a badly-injured man must be taken to hospital at once; but the roads are so bad that only a tractor can transport him; but, since it's against the rules, the *kolkhoz* chairman refuses to lend the one and only available tractor, and the man dies in agony. It is truly a *conte cruel*, told with the utmost economy and mastery, and with a Chekhovian shrug: the *kolkhoz* chairman was in his right, after all; so what can you do if people are so insensitive and stupid?

But last March Tendryakov got into hot water, and was sharply attacked by *Pravda* for his story, *Three-Seven-Ace* which, it said, was an 'invented story' and a libel on Soviet reality. It was a story about lumberjacks in a remote corner of Siberia. To begin with, there was nothing specifically 'Soviet' about these people; they were working in this God-forsaken settlement on the banks of a river, joined by a rough sort of comradeship, but chiefly interested in making good money, with a little drink and fornication thrown in. And then, one day, Lyosha, one of them, pulled out of the rapids a drowning man, a newly-released convict called Bushuyev. And this man promptly proceeds to dominate the group of 20 tough and strong men with the help of – a pack of cards! He wins all the 5,000 roubles saved up by Yegor, the most miserly of the men, and 5,000 more from the others – quite a fortune. It all ends with a murder.

Artistically a major masterpiece, it is written in the manner of Chekhov's more 'cruel' tales of life-in-the-raw (such as *The Ravine*); but here all this primeval brutality occurs amongst Soviet citizens living, moreover, in Siberia, the land of hope, optimism and the future. And, as if to add insult to injury, Tendryakov puts these dismal thoughts into the head of the boss, as he sits there between the militia-man and the body of Bushuyev, whom he had to kill in self-defence:

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Knifed to death . . . A story as ancient as life itself – of one man quarrelling with another man. A hundred, two hundred, and thousands of years ago, there were Bushuyevs, too, and they would raise their knives and axes over the heads of others, and these would be forced to strike back with their own knives. Is this an eternal curse which will never be lifted?

With a writer like Tendryakov we are far removed from the simple schematism of the positive-negative characters of the didactic novel. It is not certain (least of all since the collapse of the Summit and the new 'vigilance' drive) whether this kind of writing will be encouraged; yet this Chekhovianism in the handling of Soviet reality seems to me one of the few ways in which Soviet writers can recapture some of the old Russian universality and blessed irony, and escape from the earnest provincialism of Soviet literature of the last 30 years. (For how many Soviet books, when you come to think of it, have really made an impact abroad – apart, perhaps, from the early, 'anarchist', Sholokhov?)

There is, of course, another obvious escape: satire. But, under Soviet conditions, the scope for this is inevitably limited to only very small fry inside Russia, and to capitalist monsters abroad. Finally, there's a third channel of escape; and I have talked to some young Soviet writers who are very keen on this. They are against Chekhov's *style*, which they call anaemic – and they are against Tolstoy. They want to get back to the Leskov tradition, to Gogol's *Nose*, to the *fantastika* of the Twenties; they are hankering, at least in their *manner* of writing, 'to get away from flat Tolstoy (the approved Soviet model) to bumpy Leskov'; only they realise that verbal bumpiness often leads to dangerously bumpy thoughts. Some sadly recall the example of that truly great 'Leskovian', Eugene Zamiatin, who died wretchedly in Paris in 1935, after only a few years' exile, but after writing that amazing *We*, without which Orwell's *1984* would perhaps never have been written. A dangerous road, but oh, how tempting! Things are on the move – and will continue to be – if only there is no major Cold War again. It was the Cold War of '46-'49 after all, which, more than anything else, produced Zhdanovism.

Children's Poems

Jock O'Binnorie

King Duncan had a fool called Leery
  And gave him very high pay
To tell him stories after dinner,
  A new one every day;
But if the stories failed him
  (As Leery did agree)
The King would call his merry men all
  And hang him from a tree.

Leery began with Jim O'Binnorie
  Who danced on Stirling Rock
And emptied a peck of pickled eels
  All over his brother Jock;
Yet Jock refrained from unkind words
  That many a lad might use,
And while Jim slept on a load of hay
  Put five live eels in his shoes.

Leery had told nine hundred tales
  And found no others to tell,
He started from the first once more –
  King Duncan knew it well.
'Old friends are best, dear Fool,' he cried,
  'And old yarns heard again.
You may tell me the story of
    Jock O'Binnorie
And Jim O'Binnorie
  Every night of my reign!'

Robinson Crusoe

Robinson Crusoe cut his coats
  Not too narrow, not too big,
From the hides of nanny-goats;
  Yet he longed to keep a pig.

Robinson Crusoe sat in grief,
  All day long he sometimes sat,
Gazing at the coral reef,
  Grumbling to his favourite cat.

'Queen of Pussies,' he would say,
  'Two things I am sure about:
Bacon should begin the day,
  "Pork!" should put the candle out.'

ROBERT GRAVES

The Natural Painter

Catalogue of the Constable Collection. By GRAHAM REYNOLDS. *HMSO: Victoria and Albert.* 6*gns.*

Art and Illusion. By E. H. GOMBRICH. *Phaidon.* 70*s.*

Do we care about Constable? Mention his name and a momentary shade will cross the face of almost any companion, the shadow of repressed boredom. Put it at the head of a column in a weekly paper and hardly anyone will read far except out of duty. There is a ring of rectitude about it; perhaps we imagine him eternally policing a distant crossroads in the highway of English painting where there is no longer any traffic to direct. A violent romantic masterpiece was once repainted at the sight of 'The Haywain,' but can we ever again see Constable as he looked to Delacroix?

It is a sad transformation, and a number of things have conspired to bring it about. It is partly due to the completeness of Constable's own victory. His qualities now often look as if they were merely qualities of his subject, the country landscape; his vision has come to seem like a fact of nature without which one could not imagine the country, or the landscape of modern painting either. The stable visual philosophy which he developed was inherited by the whole art of his century, and vanished with it. The sharp reality of Constable's character was further blurred by the impossible mildness and benevolence of Leslie's portrait of him. Finally – and one sometimes wonders if this was not the unluckiest stroke of all – the body of work on which any view of him depends went to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

It happened by accident. Mr Sheepshanks, who founded the collection, intended a National Gallery of British Art. The 'open and airy situation' at South Kensington appealed to him; if he could have known where that gallery was in fact to be, he (and Miss Constable after him) might have wished the pictures where the wind blows as cold as anywhere, at Millbank. All great art needs to be seen in a context; the national possessions

will be differently arranged when the fact is realised. The disadvantage of Constable's situation at the Victoria and Albert is not only that the walk in search of him through the accumulations from every culture of every craft but painting might, like the genteel new Constable gallery itself, have been expressly designed to anaesthetise the fresh and lively sense of paint, but that he *needs* a place where his tradition and his development are a serious and primary concern.

Mr Reynolds's catalogue is by far the best thing that has happened to Constable at South Kensington and it goes a long way to make up for the rest. Round the skeleton of a year-by-year biography, Mr Reynolds discusses at length and in chronological order the paintings, watercolours, drawings and the incomparable sketchbooks, illustrate them all and tops off the book with the best general account of Constable's development that has been written. It is a rare thing to have so big a slice of a master's work exactly studied. (At the Tate Mr Butlin has done as much for Blake, but Turner is still waiting.) As a result, we have a fuller and better rounded view of Constable than ever before.

It comes at just the right moment. A few months ago Constable provided the starting point and the conclusion for Professor Gombrich's remarkable studies of artistic representation in *Art and Illusion*; those who thought they knew the artist are still reeling a little from the impact. Though any sensible person would rather find himself Gombrich's pupil than his reviewer, one is tempted to grasp the tool which the new catalogue provides and try without delay how his massively intelligent schema stands up to it.

At the age of 26 Constable wrote in a famous letter, 'There is room enough for a natural painture.' As Mr Reynolds points out, in one of his few digressions and a valuable one, 'some commentators have supposed' (a phrase that cataloguers use for the misdeeds of their closer friends) that 'painture' here means 'style of painting.' The supposition suited Professor Gombrich's book and (transcribing *peinture* – how should we have fared if we had treated a Renaissance text like this?) he proceeded to identify the style in question with the low Dutch manner, and demonstrate that the pictorial scheme of Anthony van Waterloo and his like was the necessary basis of Constable's perception of the Stour Meadows. There was indeed room for Dutch-type painting in the heyday of the Dutch taste; there was room for Crome, Barker, Vincent, Stark, Nasmyth and the rest. If Constable meant this, his remark was as anodyne as could be imagined. But this is not what he meant. Moreover, 'painture,' as a look at the source shows, was simply how he spelled 'painter' in 1802.

Constable's interest in Dutch painting was a part of a wider attitude to the past, a willingness to embrace all the European painting with the least bearing on landscape. When he wrote the letter, the prototypes which meant most to him, as we can trace in successive works and the inscriptions on them which Mr Reynolds records for the first time, were, far from being the most 'natural,' the most elevated, Claude, Gaspard Poussin and, soon afterwards, Rubens. However, Constable's embrace of the art of the past alternated throughout his life with as passionate a rejection of it. The faith that there was room for a natural painter (as Leslie originally and rightly transcribed the letter) was a faith not in any of the existing styles but in a perceived alternative to them. By

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CHATTO & WINDUS

'natural painter' Constable meant simply a painter of pictures that would be like nature – just similiarly Hazlitt called Kean 'a natural actor'. Professor Gombrich demonstrates that 'pure and unaffected representation' is a logical impossibility, yet there is perhaps a tiny chink in the logic, at its psychological premise. Certainly the apparent impossibility of Constable's programme gives it a heroic force, the force which we can detect in the plates to this catalogue behind the tiny germ of original perception, absurdly elementary and style-less, which seems to be the prerequisite for the assumption of any style and survives them all.

The pother over Constable's letter – which may reassure those who fear that scholarly arguments are about nothing – is interesting because it shows how scholarship and intelligence may now positively obscure something which was very plain in Leslie's time. Constable's capacity for devotion, both to his original experience and to art, inspired an absolute fidelity to the simplest, most 'natural' way of being a painter, an ideal which he called the 'moral feeling of art' that has indeed a lasting moral force. That Leslie should have confused this morality with a current ideal of the great and good is pardonable, though it left us with a colourless image of his hero. Constable's letter seems, in the light of this catalogue, a better guide to its author than any of the recent glosses, just because we feel so clearly in it his painful awareness both of the sense in which art and artistic perception must depend on the total inherited idea of art, and also of the sense in which they cannot.

No artist before Constable needed to be so conscious of this contradiction. It was his awareness of it that made him the inaugurator of the special type of originality that has become typical of modern painting, and of the age in which Professor Gombrich's analysis of perception (which applies so well to the general run of representation in the historic styles) seems to work only imperfectly. Looking at Constable now, we surely discover a much broader, more general likeness between art and nature than Gombrich's psychology of vision is equipped to deal with. To be a 'natural painter' clearly involved the search for an equivalence between paint and experience of a kind altogether more basic than those provided by representation in the historic styles. Paint, as Constable well knew, could (when he was 'equal to the vivid pencil which landscape requires') recreate for him bloom, freshness, 'health and the absence of anything stagnant' – the qualities of his world as a whole, qualities of the 'visual field,' but more than that, circumstances of life which were immemorially present to him. This is the sense in which Constable's pictures are basically 'like' nature. In painting of the nineteenth century, and since, we are continually presented with likeness of this kind, whether it wears the guise of the 'visual field' or outlasts anything that could be described historically as representation at all. We receive, surely, intimations of reality as objective as any reality in art can be, intimations of the total world and of total attitudes to its existence.

We have a lot of ground to make up with Constable, and Mr Reynolds has given us the best possible start. There is only one grievance. A thing like Constable's sketchbook of 1813 (I agree with John Berger) is the rightful property of everyone who likes a skylark. Hardly anyone can or should get at the tiny, fragile original. It can only exist for us in print, as it does here, every marvellous page of it beautifully illustrated. Need the book cost six guineas? If museums do not make money, why must their publications? Cannot the plates from this catalogue, an incomparable assembly guaranteed to give anyone a better idea of nature and of art, be issued separately in paper for a sixth of the price?

LAWRENCE GOWING

Showbiz Dames

Sing As We Go. By GRACIE FIELDS. *Muller.* 18*s.*

Goodness Had Nothing to Do with It. By MAE WEST. *W. H. Allen.* 25*s.*

My semi-circular canals were always rather allergic to our Gracie's penetrating, albeit chummy, engine-whistle of a larynx. Mae's hyper-blondined persona had, even in her prime, an anaphrodisiac effect upon my brunette-based libido. I therefore embarked on these two showbiz autobiographies with some apprehension. I foresaw nightmares in which I should be pursued by a composite figure yelling 'Eee lad, coom oop an see me soomtime,' brandishing a gigantic throat spray filled with community spirit. Such can be the traumatic effect on the reviewer of the editorial practice of grouping suitable books together. There is, in fact, singularly little in common between these two diversely gifted ladies though each has a mild surprise or two in store.

In Gracie Fields's case the surprise comes not from the essential amiability and good trouperism. These, though journalists had thrust them down one's throat almost to suffocation point, I was always prepared to accept. I can guarantee they come out strong and genuine in this readable, sketchy, book. So does all that sturdy Rochdale independence. There is a resemblance between the long face in the early photographs and Miss Shelagh Delaney, the Salford playwright, that suggests possible approximation to a Lancashire type. The surprise for me was the Bohemian affiliation. Gracie, after her early struggles, in her first flush of success, married a music-hall impresario, Archie Pitts, and found herself in the thick of the stage world. It was a pair of vigorous old time Bohemians, Henry Savage, the writer, and more particularly John Flanagan, the painter, who showed her the prospect of a less stifling way of life. And though I am a little doubtful about that china shepherdess figurine –

> 'Look at this contract, John,' I said. 'It's for seventy-two thousand pounds, but it's for six years and Archie wants me to sign.'
>
> John didn't even turn round. Instead he held out the figurine. 'Look at this beautiful little creature; she cost me only four shillings.'
>
> That was all he said –

I am quite sure their influence was for good. It was not pop songs that prompted Gracie to settle in Capri but Norman Douglas's *South Wind*. And it was from the author himself that she first heard of her third husband, versatile Bessarabian electrician Boris, her second, the mercurial Italian film director Monty Banks, having died. Long may she continue to flourish. And if the volume of the adulation recorded gets a bit irritating at times and they had to call the police when she went to Woolworths it is certainly not her fault. There have been very many less worthy popular idols.

Miss Fields was made a Commander of the

British Empire by George VI. The highest official honour Miss West received was a Kentucky Colonelcy conferred upon her by Governor Ruby Lafoon. She herself remains becomingly proudest of the RAF's lifebelts being named after her. She is of German origin. One of her paternal great grandmothers had three breasts. She, too, is deep rooted in showbiz from way back, a devil of long way now. She began her career at an absurdly tender age. Almost her first words were 'Where's my spotlight?' I was surprised to find how much of an author she is, almost as much as her old contemporary – for their reigns just overlapped – Queen Victoria. It appears she wrote every word of some of her famous vehicles such as *Diamond Lil*, *Sex*, and her homosexual epic, *Drag*.

She tells some quite good stories of vaudeville and Hollywood, including a nice account of the hazards of working with W. C. Fields in *My Little Chikadee* when the great comedian's alcoholism made each day's shooting a game of Russian roulette. She is as frank as she knows how to be about her insatiable appetite for men, yet you never feel that she got much pleasure out of any of her innumerable love affairs. She is cleverer than I expected, but the impression her personality makes is hard as a zircon, cold as frozen eau-de-cologne. Yet the shock of her mother's death was so great that she became frantic and lost all power of speech for three days. Her reaction to another shock, in 1942, when a long forgotten husband reappeared and tried to sue for 25 years' maintenance at $1,000 a month, was more practical. I wish she had included one or two less purely professional photographs because she must have been a beautiful creature in her day underneath all the top-dressing.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Quicksands of Flattery

Giselle and I. By ALICIA MARKOVA. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 25*s.*

Dancing in Petersburg. By MATHILDE KSCHESSINSKA. *Gollancz.* 30*s.*

A Touch of Innocence. By KATHERINE DUNHAM. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

The ballerina's life is not one that nourishes self-criticism. But you would think that all that 'Darling, you were wonderful!', all those chocolates and voluptuous baskets of flowers would be sufficient to give confidence. Yet ballerinas are almost without exception characters searching with a desperate thirst for more and more reassurance, tortured with vain anxiety – vain in both senses. The two autobiographies by classical ballerinas that have just been published are almost overwhelmed by nervous self-adulation, which seems ridiculous, since both Markova and Kschessinska have been acclaimed and accepted as dancers of the finest quality. Both ladies quote their most favourable notices at length, which is a severe lesson to the critic, since he immediately perceives how dull is vague praise. For the artist such quotations, gathered together, are also a lesson, which the introspective Stanislavsky pointed out over 30 years ago, when writing of his own career on the stage:

> There is no escaping this magic circle of self-deceit. The actor is caught in the quicksands of flattery and praise. That which is pleasant is always victorious, because one wants to believe it. One listens to the com-

MACMILLAN BOOKS

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An epic story of love and action set in a U.S. Cavalry outpost on the Indian frontier in the aftermath of the Civil War. 'Extremely readable, and a fine piece of historical reconstruction'—PETER GREEN *(Daily Telegraph)*
Literary Guild Choice of America. 21s

WINTER'S TALES – 6

The latest of these popular annual collections of long stories contains the work of: Gabriel Fielding, Brian Glanville, Francis King, Margaret Laurence, Liam O'Flaherty, James Plunkett, Jean Rhys, Muriel Spark, Desmond Stewart and Frank Tuohy. 21s

★ ★ ★

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H. C. ALLEN

'It deals with a major theme of our time, *The British Commonwealth, the United States, and European Unity*. If anyone wants to understand the complex of issues facing the makers of British foreign policy, he could have no better introduction'—*The Times* Cloth 30s; Limp 15s

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Essays on twenty-one men from the many thousands who spent a formative part of their lives at Christ Church, Oxford, including Hakluyt, Penn, Wesley, Lord Shaftesbury and Ruskin. They provide fascinating glimpses of the highways and byways of history. *November 3rd* 30s

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This fine young novelist, poet, and critic breaks brilliantly into a new field with his first volume of short stories. Whilst his gift for comedy is present as freshly as ever, they show a remarkable broadening of his range.
Book Society Recommendation. 16s

★ ★ ★

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This well-known book has been amended and revised in the light of events since 1958. 'No one who aspires to any kind of knowledge about the politics of the world we live in can afford to do without it'—*The Listener* *Six maps* 21s

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A vigorous and stimulating discussion of the basic concepts of God in the world's religions, the arguments for God's existence, man's destiny, the mystery of evil and the general subject of religious language. 30s

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Flight into Camden

David Story

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY
David Storey, whose first novel, This Sporting Life, was highly praised, has cleared the hurdle of his second with a grace and apparent ease that are almost phenomenal. *Francis Wyndham* OBSERVER

Longmans

pliments of charming admirers and not to the bitter truth of the expert.

I do not mean to belittle these dancers, but only their anxiety, for their place in our esteem and history is assured. What we want to hear is their own intimate analyses of their craft: how they failed and worked, how the failures were rectified. We also want light on their personalities and lives: gossip in fact, social or theatrical, for gossip about the great is history.

Madame Markova writes her book entirely about performing the role of Giselle in different countries and companies, for this is a part she identifies herself with most profoundly. She is by nature cautious and impersonal about herself, even in the theatre; except at one period, when a jealous dancer tried to wrest the role of Giselle from her by diverse means. One method was chopping up the ballerina's costume, but luckily Madame Markova had another old one tucked away. There were also the knocking down of the company's director, Massine, threatening anonymous notes and a large needle felt, rather than found, in her skirt during a performance. The impresario, Sol Hurok, employed plain-clothes detectives disguised as stage hands for the first night, and had all the trap doors and properties on the stage nailed down; for most unfortunate accidents have been known to occur when angry dancers are loose.

Madame Kschessinska gives us gossip, though hers is not so much theatrical as aristocratic. She was mistress of Nicolas II when he was the Tzarevitch; he was her first and greatest love. Then, on becoming Emperor, 'Niki' left her in charge of the Grand Duke Serge Mikhailovitch and, subsequently, she became the adored idol of the Grand Duke André Vladimirovitch, by whom she had a son and whom she married after the revolution when they fled to France. The houses Madame Kschessinska was given and built in Russia were obviously stupendous, her diamond brooches fabulous, the champagne parties and dashing young officers in exquisitely cut breeches and boots limitless. In her description of her professional career Madame Kschessinska is almost innocently egotistical. Almost. If ever anything was not to her liking at the Maryinsky Theatre, where she reigned as *prima ballerina assoluta*, she merely applied to the Tzar or a Grand Duke and the offending director of the theatre was over-ruled.

The contrast between this wilful darling's early career and that of Katherine Dunham, the American dancer and choreographer, is violent. Miss Dunham's story of her poverty-stricken childhood, dominated by a sadistic, jealous father and a variety of aunts and mothers, is melodramatic in the extreme. Miss Dunham has overdone her literary style a little, writing of herself in the third person as 'the girl'; yet there is power and atmosphere in every sentence. This is a horrifying history of an American half-caste's upbringing. There is no hint of the successful future, for she only breaks away from her lunatic father at the age of 19, when the book ends. She did well at school, under appalling home circumstances, a fact which shows great reserves of self-control and stamina. But she writes of herself as endlessly self-conscious and miserable, always shifting from one ice-cold foot to another, with the cardboard disintegrating in her tattered shoes, her nose running and sore, her father belting her unmercifully or, later, making advances that made 'everything in life about her seem smudgy and unclean and waiting.' The sense of unhappiness in this book is appalling, but it is exciting both emotionally and pictorially. It is strange to realise that the flamboyant, vital character, who has made such a triumph of her stage career, is the result of such a disastrous upbringing.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Rare Animals

A Zoo in my Luggage. By GERALD DURRELL. Illustrated by RALPH THOMPSON. *Hart-Davis.* 16s.

Galapagos. By IRENAUS EIBL-EIBESFELDT. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25s.

Bournemouth has its queer side. Enshrined there you will find Shelley's heart, plucked from the Grecian flames, and a favourite chine commemorates murder. But it took Mr Durrell to set up in his sister's back-garden a huge marquee from the inside of which

> came a curious chorus of squeaks, whistles, grunts and growls. Alongside it stretched a line of Dexion cages from which glowered eagles, vultures, owls and hawks. Next to them was a large cage containing Minnie, the Chimp. On the remains of what had once been a lawn, fourteen monkeys rolled and played on long leashes, while in the garage frogs croaked, touracos called throatily, and squirrels gnawed loudly on hazel-nut shells.

No wonder the neighbours peeped, for some time not even venturing to complain. This as a matter of fact was the last stage but one on the way to finding a home in the Channel Isles. Mr Durrell had captured and brought back his animals before considering where he should put them; he just couldn't go on providing, callously, for other zoos. He is as much a creature of impulse as they are; or so he would have us believe. It may be, of course, that it *had* occurred to him that doing things this way would make a better book. Making the book is an essential part of the successful naturalist. This time he returned to the Cameroons, already visited in *The Bafut Beagles*, and his new adventures bring out again the dainty expert and the born comedian.

He bursts in upon a remote cocktail hour and his host says 'Does your stomach always wobble like that?' 'I've a mongoose in my shirt.' 'Ah.' His little expedition walks through jungle no more dangerous than the New Forest on a summer afternoon. Clouds of butterflies fly up from their path. They have to look for animals. They smoke out a hollow tree. A python has to be lugged out of a cave. Hunters bring in 'beef' of all kinds from bush-babies to cobras, patas monkeys to chevrotains and birds curious as the springing *Picathartes*. The business of looking after these often rare creatures grows more wildly complicated; and sometimes the captives get the better of it. The excitement and fun of Mr Durrell's writing are divided pretty evenly between animals and humans, of whom the Fon of Bafut (already known to his readers), a monarch aged over 80 with a mighty appetite for wives, whisky, friendship, dancing, and laughter, towers with more than his six-foot-three in bare feet. The pidgin English of the region takes a little getting into till you're used to it, but provides one of the book's joys. The undertone of this Arcadia is that some of the creatures – to say nothing of the people – may be dying out, unless they can be made to breed in captivity.

Far more urgent is the threat to the fauna

of the inhospitable Galapagos, described by Dr Eibl Eibesfeldt, where despite protection laws there has been unmerciful slaughter of sealions, giant tortoises, and the great albatross peculiar to Hood Island. Unfortunately a radar station was set up there during the war. Other enemies of wild life are the Ecuadorian settlers, rats, mice, pigs and goats. One race of goats can live on tree-bark and sea water. This second visit of Dr Eibl-Eibesfeldt had the object of establishing a sanctuary under the sponsorship of UN. He is a most attentive observer, and some of his most fascinating pages relate the discovery of token fights or duels between male iguanas, in which the defeated one will eventually submit by lying down; bloodless victory is allowed, and the species preserved. It will not be his fault if these islands, 'economically worthless, but rich in natural marvels', repeat the story of the Dodo.

G. W. STONIER

Glimpses of the East

People of the Sun. By JOHN BLOFELD. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

To the East a Phoenix. By NIGEL CAMERON. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

To open John Blofeld's book is to go up into a Siamese house, slip off one's sandals at the top of the ladder and step on to the cool, foot-polished floor. Inside, cross-legged on a mat in his baggy Chinese trousers, sits an Englishman, part priest, part don, with a smile as kindly, as teasing, as you'll-never-guess-what-I'm-really-smiling-about, as those on the great Buddha faces of Angkor. A servant slips in and out, bringing us pungent spicy things on little plates and topping up the rice whisky in our glasses, while Mr Blofeld introduces us to a procession of his friends.

One by one he calls them in, and with the minimum of prompting lets them tell their stories. First comes an elderly prince who, after a life of government service, exile, wartime resistance work and court intrigue, has given himself up to Buddhist scholarship and the contemplation of the infinite. Then his wife, a lady who can remember, as a young princess in faraway fairy-tale days, a boating picnic on a lake – all flutes and drums and moonlight – at which she climbed out on the prow of her barge, spread out her arms to make a figurehead, and fell in – to be rescued by her future prince. Then, tumbling over one another, come an abbot, a bunch of peasants, an ancient court musician led in by his ravishing dancer-granddaughter, writers, businessmen, jungle tribesmen, a bandit, a westernised Siamese dragon, a flutter of gorgeous concubines. Last of all come two witches supporting between them a wretched scarecrow made from an empty basket, a coconut and a few rags. Suddenly, out of the night swoops *something*, and the scarecrow, possessed of the spirit of a peasant not long dead, starts flailing and lashing, dragging the witches about, and demanding drink. Some of the guests ply it with liquor, bottles and bottles, while others shriek with laughter and taunt the creature, and we sit sweating, horrified, until the exhausted witches persuade the spirit to depart, and with an awful convulsive wrench the drunken scarecrow falls limp and empty. Mr Blofeld is still smiling.

With a hint of apology he admits that he loves scholars and princes more than politicians, and that therefore his friends may not have given us a perfect picture of the Siamese. But by introducing them he has shown us more of a country and its people than any ordinary travel book, and he has acted host in the spirit of happiness and compassion that are given off, like vapours, from the fire of an inner faith. Mr Blofeld, who knows the rigours of meditation, is a man who can afford to chuckle.

After this gentle, sunlit book, *To the East a Phoenix* seems at first sight a turgid affair. It is a *travel* travel-book, and to emphasise the point Nigel Cameron took an imaginary twin traveller along with him, which might easily have been merely a clumsy dodge for putting his own thoughts into somebody else's mouth. But as it turns out Mr Cameron's conversations with his twin are some of the best bits in his book, and just when we are beginning to yawn over a long-winded description the twin bursts in rudely to interrupt. The twin is strictly on our side.

Together they journeyed from the Hadhramaut to Kashmir, and on to Ceylon, South-east Asia, Bangkok and Hong Kong, finishing up in Fiji, a pilgrimage that took two years and should have filled half a dozen books. 'You begin to know . . .' writes Mr Cameron sadly, 'and then you go away'. Well, of course, he could have stayed on, and had he done so we might have had a few more draughts of his splendid character-drawing to wash down all the other stuff. But with verbosity his vice, a chronic obsession with *Angst*, and a curious delusion that even a feast is enough to assuage our hunger for eastern dishes, he journeyed on. Luckily for those of us with ulcers, a third man travelled too, Brian Blake, and though he travelled in silence he took a magnificent set of photographs which, very properly, are mostly concerned with people.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON.

Advertiser's Announcement

A Wolf in Thin Disguise

ONCE UPON A TIME the Advertising Manager of André Deutsch was travelling from London to Aberdeen, 2nd class (he was on private business and too honest to use his expense account), with a big bagful of books. Sitting opposite him was a girl of obviously outstanding intelligence. Her eyelashes were almost half an inch long and in general outline she recalled Brigitte Bardot (reprinting). She looked bored, but when he said 'Would you like the window shut?' she just shook her head, and when he said 'Is my bag in your way?' she just nodded, and when he said 'Would you care to come to the dining-car for a cup of coffee?' she just took a thermos out of one of those hen-baskets and didn't even offer him some. 'Oh well,' he thought, 'perhaps she isn't intelligent after all, and anyway I suppose I ought to get on with writing some copy.' So he opened his bag and took out:

The Natural Bent (25/-) by Lionel Fielden.

A Version of the Truth (16/-) by Nicolas Bentley.

Confessions of an Art Addict (21/-) by Peggy Guggenheim.

Here Lies the Heart (25/-) by Mercedes de Acosta.

The Father: Letters to Sons and Daughters (18/-) edited by Evan Jones.

How to be Inimitable (8/6) by George Mikes.

Operation Elvis (10/6) by Alan Levy.

Jazz Street (55/-) by Dennis Stock and Nat Hentoff.

Wild Life in America (36/-) by Peter Matthiessen.

The Concise Encyclopedia of Continental Pottery and Porcelain (6 gns.) by Reginald Haggar (you can see why he'd had to use a porter, poor man).

The Hussar (18/-) by Gregor von Rezzori.

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (15/-) by Brian Moore.

The Real Silvestri (12/6) by Mario Soldati, and *Hubert's Hair-Raising Adventure* (10/6) written for young children by Bill Peet.

The girl watched in surprise, then took a second mug from her hen-basket and began to flutter her eyelashes. 'I seem to have some coffee over,' she said softly, and added, 'Are you going to read all those books at once?' 'No, of course not,' said the man, feeling more optimistic, 'would you like to borrow one?' and she said yes.

Unluckily for her she rejected *Operation Elvis*, supposing it to be fan-bait whereas it is really an ironic study of what fan-baiting can do to the great public's tiny mind. Nor did she look for long at the spendid bulk of *The Concise Encyclopedia*, since Continental pottery and porcelain happened to mean little to her. But the others – she made a little cooing noise which the man found most disturbing, and that was the last sound she addressed to him. She burrowed like a vole into the autobiographies, murmuring 'Matchless Grace and Candour' about *The Natural Bent* and 'Absolutely Enthralling' about *Confessions of an Art Addict* [we can't make her quote reviewers on *A Version of the Truth* and *Here Lies the Heart* because the first is not out until 31 October and the second until 28 November]. She read the whole of *How to be Inimitable* once, some of it twice – and the man did *not* like the way she looked from one of Nicolas Bentley's drawings (p.65) to him, as though she were thinking 'What a likeness!' She almost tore out the photographs from *Jazz Street* and she wrote on her cigarette packet that she must buy *Wild Life in America* for her father and *Hubert* for her little brother. She exclaimed in astonishment, horror and delight over the things fathers have said to their young through the ages, and when she came to the novels . . . Well, the man had already seen that it was hopeless, she wasn't going to stop reading for the rest of that long journey. He had been right to begin with, you see: she *was* an outstanding intelligent girl. She knew the pick of a wonderful Autumn List when she saw it, and that was that.

(14 Carlisle Street, London W1)

Short Stories

In This World. By EUGENE ZILLER. *Gollancz.* 16s.

Kiss Kiss. By ROALD DAHL. *Joseph.* 15s.

Saturday Lunch with the Brownings. By PENELOPE MORTIMER. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

Introduction. *Faber.* 18s.

Pick of Today's Short Stories, XI. Edited by JOHN PUDNEY. *Putnam.* 15s.

With My Body. By SHEILA HOWARTH. *Pall Mall.* 15s.

The people in short stories are haunted, all right – but haunted by the living, not the dead. *In this World*, the most striking book of the list, is American, and intrinsically so. That desperate urban jungle where money matters so much is something we seem to have left behind in the England of Mayhew. Mr Ziller writes marvellously of the surviving first-generation Americans – old men from Russia who stay to the last independent, principled, poor and content with their thoughts. As for the sons – the ones with no conscience thrive; the others don't, and their home life (being where it is) is wretched. But can they make themselves change?

Yet the effect of the whole is exhilarating. Mr Ziller actually manages to show the old as more attractive in every way than the young, which is in itself something new. And the idea of principle persists, though it may kill a man – the kindhearted salesman, for instance, who gives a lift to a lonely boy, and is held up and shot for his pains. At the moment of death, the boy's contempt for the Samaritan is reflected back from the Samaritan to the boy. This is a notable book.

David Higham

A TRIP TO PARNASSUS

'Wonderfully funny ... a devastating satire on the whole ridiculous business of reputation-manufacture' Tribune

'Marvellously witty and observant'. John O'London's

E. E. Y. Hales

REVOLUTION AND PAPACY

'An excellent study of the Papacy between 1769 and 1846 . . . a book whose judgments err if anything by their moderation.' DENIS MACK SMITH: OBSERVER.

For much of the period is the first full account in English and it is based largely upon the author's researches in the Vatican archives and elsewhere.

8 plates. 30s.

Paul Scott

New large printing of his 'truly remarkable' novel *The Chinese Love Pavilion.* 18s.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Mr Roald Dahl has a considerable narrative gift: he uses it (see *Kiss Kiss*) to explore that nightmare region in which the scarcely admitted thoughts of nice and orderly people are pursued to the point of fact. Imagine! Details are carefully given (physiological, musical – whatever it may be); if you are sensitive try to avoid that surgical one about a bullying husband's brain kept alive in a saucer. Some of the stories are jollier, though. Mature Mrs Bixby journeys each month to the country to 'see her aunt.'

> 'Tally-ho!' the Colonel would cry each time he met her at the station in the big car. 'My dear, I'd almost forgotten how ravishing you looked. Let's go to earth.'
>
> Eight years went by.

Yes, and how can she account for the full-length mink coat which nicely ends the relationship?

Mr Dahl's approach is calm and mild; he always gives the worst of his characters the benefit of the doubt; still, these really are moral tales. Go wrong and you get some very peculiar deserts. Be careful of playing around with the royal jelly of bees. Don't rush your children from bed to show them the process of birth; the animal may choose to devour its young. And don't be too anxious, even, for your infant child to live. It may grow up to be . . .

Whatever may be the quality needed to write a short story, the author of *Saturday Lunch with the Brownings* certainly has. It may be something to do with selecting the point of time – allowing the thing to crystallise as a whole. If so, the approach fits well with the book's recurring theme: the awfulness of family life, its baffling failures of understanding. These can be hilariously funny when the children impose a long, long day of birthday treat on their suffering mother; more often (see two clever stories 'The Renegade' and 'The White Rabbit') they lead to disaster. Those who find family matters a limited and depressing aspect of life need have no fear; Mrs Mortimer strikes out plenty of variations, and does this brilliantly. A story called 'The Parson' shows, moreover, that her range can go beyond.

Introduction is a collection of stories by six young writers (three stories from each) who were approached on the strength of work in university or literary magazines. The curious thing is that, at 20 or so, it is not in the course of nature to be *original*, though you can, if you want, be very clever indeed. Test this out on yourself or the eminent dead. As a result this book, or any such group of early work, is not so much a presage of things to come as a neat summing up of the attitudes of the immediate past.

The writers have very little in common except their youth and a sense, at times, of being too near their material – using it raw instead of letting it be transformed. In poetry this transformation takes place naturally, but fiction is difficult at this stage – the novel most of all. The oldest writer, Ted Hughes, is 30, and has already arrived. The youngest, Jim Hunter, is 21; he provides, by the way, a rather good story on the failure of communication between two boys at school. Several stories hold one's attention. Alan Coren, in 'A Fine and Private Place', tells of a harassed cockney husband who admires a quiet rustic scene on a calendar, takes a train to the place, and books himself a plot in the local churchyard. That calendar gets the points. A. O. Chater relates his queerly symbolic tales with careful simplicity, and a Kafka-like meticulousness over the facts. Jason McManus, though wordy and far too close in time to his subjects, also catches one's interest. So, even more, does Julian Mitchell, especially, oddly enough, in a tale around the first Aldermaston march. His is a name that we shall hear of again.

Pick of Today's Short Stories, a readable collection, gives also a fair example of the English range today. Here, to be sure, are the thoughts of the mad, the griefs of the wed, crooks from the view of crooks, and some very nasty goings on behind the lace curtains. The best half dozen could not be more unlike. A West Indian in a dreary London lodging tries to avoid his coloured friends and assume the drab ways of the part of England he knows. Two centaurs, the master-race of the future, muse on a fragment of *Hamlet* decoded from the language of the two-legged creatures they hunt. There is one real comedy, an engaging piece about two biology teachers. In 'Memorial to the Plague' an English lady who does not believe in the Nazi atrocities (and shouldn't one *forget* and *forgive*?) goes for a post-war holiday in a quaint old German town. 'Ida', a quiet and moving tale of two elderly solitaries, turns out to be written by a very young man: Richard Lucas. The most memorable story – the one with the surest touch – is about a man who wants to be listened to; he could get this at last – if he chose – by telling a piece of news that is best untold. The author is Gerda Charles.

With My Body contains two stories by a new, rather interesting writer: one short, one not so short. The first is about a young girl on the eve of her wedding, making herself trace back why she chose the stranger and rejected the familiar loving and loved. The other, told all in letters, is a comedy about a scatterbrained English miss who goes to Los Angeles to demonstrate English Folk Dance (yes!), slips on the kerb and is involved in a monstrous web of litigation. The joke goes on very much too long, but there is a carefree debbish lunacy about Christabel's letters home that does not displease.

NAOMI LEWIS

To the Beaches

The Price of Victory. By R. W. THOMPSON. *Constable.* 25s.

The Gods were Neutral. By ROBERT CRISP. *Muller.* 18s.

Mr Thompson has written a vivid, complete and well documented account of the planning of the Allied invasion of France in 1944, and of the assault itself from both the Allied and German points of view. His material is not new (though this is the first time it has been contained within the covers of a single volume) but his treatment of it is characterised by a modesty and humility rare among amateur strategists and military historians. He traces with great skill the development of the operation from its initial conception at the first Combined Operations Headquarters in 1940 through all the unedifying tugs-of-war between the various allies, the conflicting claims of different arms and theatres, the clash of antagonistic personalities, to the final confusion on the beaches resolved by a mixture of good luck, gallantry and individual resource. He is not only a reliable guide in the maze of high strategy, the rabbit-warren of alphabetical agencies, but is blessed with a sharp eye for significant detail which relieves the impersonality of policy and planning: the package bursting open in the Chicago Post Office to reveal secret documents concerning

operation 'Overlord' despatched from London by an American sergeant to his sister in error, the British Brigadier dropped by parachute into the middle of a German Headquarters mess, the German officer watching the invasion Armada from a church steeple 'like a summer's day on the Wannsee'.

As a straightforward narrative this could hardly be bettered. But the author also has a thesis, the product of 'doubts which beset him' in the course of his researches and it is a debatable one. His argument in brief is that the reduction of Britain to a second-class power, the present ascendancy of America and the general pattern of postwar Europe, were determined by the events which led up to the D-Day invasion and are its consequence. He traces our decline very clearly from the first Washington conference of 1941 at which Mr Churchill dubbed himself 'the President's First Lieutenant' and sees it reflected in our failure to persuade the Americans to exploit the Mediterranean, to prevent the pointless invasion of the south of France, to avoid the 'broad front' approach to Germany and to concentrate everything on a narrow thrust by Montgomery. The United States 'divorced war from politics and as a result the war became an instrument of vengeance or punishment, devoid of true political aim'; and Unconditional Surrender was its battle cry. Hence Berlin and the Iron Curtain, hence the American advanced air bases and rocket sites in Britain today.

But surely all this was inevitable unless we could have persuaded the Americans to act out of character, and who has ever persuaded an ally to do that? And is there not a faint touch of self-pity in the very title of this book and in such statements as 'British troops fought in memory of the past, for the future world would not be theirs'? And would it all have been so very different if we had decided global strategy? If politics is a continuation of war, we don't seem to have contributed much to the shape of Western Europe since 1945. For all that, it is the measure of Mr Thompson's success that he infects the reader with the doubts that beset him.

The Gods were Neutral is war seen through the other end of the telescope – the disastrous Greek campaign of 1941 from the limited point of view of a young tank officer, not even regimental history but the story of 'a happy squadron . . . the best in the battalion'. Mr Crisp's style is artless, direct and occasionally a little flat; his temperament cheerful, unintrospective and unsentimental; and he has created a vivid picture of a heart-breaking campaign.

WILLIAM HUGHES

Crime Round-Up

Something has happened to the urbane and eminently sensible Mr Du Cann. Probably it is 30 years of practice at the criminal bar: there can't be many barristers with a more detailed knowledge of the whole rather jolly spider's web. In *Miscarriages of Justice* (Muller, 21s.) he has blown his top, almost as though he proposed now to go into hiding and slip out only to post off articles to evening newspapers. He is disgusted with everyone: magistrates and judges ('arrant amateurs'), the 'tinkering' law reformers (backhanders for *Justice*, the International Commission of Jurists, and the Institute of Criminology), artful solicitors who brief Counsel for 30 guineas and skin the client for 300, histrionic barristers playing to the gallery, corrupt and

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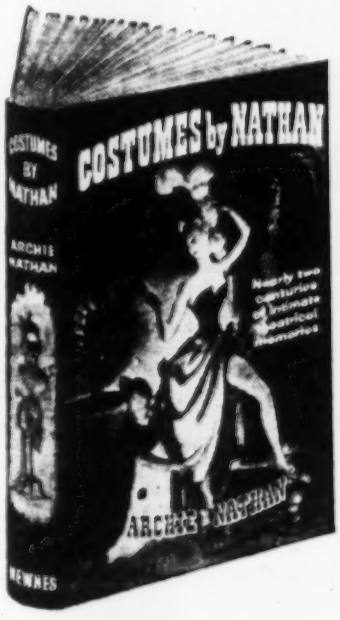

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A personal consideration of sixteen great works of art ranging from Botticelli to Seurat.

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14" × 10½" *November 17* 70s

lying policemen. Nothing is right. Before the temple of Justice can be rebuilt it must be blown up. Anyone interested? Fall in.

Beverly Hills is My Beat (W. H. Allen, 21s.), is a simple, engaging book of chatter about police work among the movie aristocrats, by the Chief of Beverley Hills Police Department, Clinton Anderson. It retells some famous stories, including the one about Joan Berry's prolonged steeplechase through the American courts, baby in arms, after Charlie Chaplin, and it has a truly shocking photograph of Bugsy Siegel lying shot almost to pieces on the sofa in his immense neo-marzipan villa.

In *Heaven Knows Who* (Joseph, 21s.) Miss Christianna Brand retells carefully and rather romantically the story of Jessie M'Lachlan's conviction, after a four-day trial 100 years ago, of the murder of her closest friend, Jess M'Pherson, in Glasgow. I prefer this to the William Roughhead version, at least for readability. I could have done without all the phoneticised Scottery, but Miss Brand has unearthed some new facts, and whereas I have always thought the conviction *might* have been wrong, this new account convinces me that poor Jessie's imprisonment for 15 years was a frightful injustice.

Do you want a Dictionary of Death by Poison, Shooting, Suffocating, Drowning, and the Strangler's Hand? Here it is, covering the half century from 1900 – E. Spencer Shew's *A Companion to Murder* (Cassell, 25s.), the most fitting of these six books to be buried away so that post-atomic posterity may be able to judge us from the kind of thing we liked to record about ourselves. It nutshells about 200 cases, efficiently, accurately, sometimes facetiously, and in a style which employs every cliché in the murder-hashing industry. The two outstanding omissions are Voisin (1918) and Onufrejczyk (1955), the latter the strangest 'murder without a body' for many years (even the Court of Criminal Appeal allowed that the victim *might* still be alive somewhere). The best things in the book are the short biographies of Judges.

Anyone who likes Top Cop reminiscences could hardly help liking Ted Greeno's *War on The Underworld* (Long, 21s.), which takes this year's prize for imaginative book-titles. Detective Chief Superintendent Edward Greeno was certainly one of the Big Five, but his book is a refreshingly straight-up narrative with no Big Talk. It sets out to relate what went on inside his own head during the many famous cases he handled, and does it more modestly than many of us could, given the material, the personal experiences, and a popular audience brought up on murder, robbery, rape, and racehorses.

'I'm not the kind of person you would have for dinner,' says *The Mob's Man*, though towards the end of the book you might. 'In brief,' he explains, 'I'm the scum of humanity.' The main burden of his story (Hale, 18s.), 'as told to James D. Horan', who keeps *New York Journal-American* readers informed about the organised underworld, is intelligible only to those who understand the 'Numbers Racket'. I thought I was one of these (after much trying), but Mr Horan has stopped all that. Apart from some highly disturbing glimpses of the New York State prisons in which the Mob's Man spends the first half of the book, the rest is like a very dark film, lit only by torches and the glint of revoler barrels and eyes. But as with dark films there is something about it that compels hopeful concentration.

C. H. ROLPH

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Boswell's Scottish Conscience

V. S. PRITCHETT

Boswell is one of the great comic fragments of our literature. A fragment because no novelist or playwright completed him. He is a self-made *objet-trouvé*. He is his own idea, thought up by himself, unique. A Svevo might have done something with him; there is a speck or two of him in comics like Fluellen or Bottom – I mean a hint of Boswell's comic basis: the man in love with his own genius, hugging it, hanging over its cradle, deploring it, fearing it, perpetually hankering. He is forever seeking heroes before whom he can abase himself, albeit with vanity and shrewdness, for it is all grist to the tireless mill of Boswell's alternating bouts of self-regard and self-condemnation. He builds so high that the bottom is bound to fall out of so unstable and fanciful a structure. The beauty of it all lies in his complexity. Can we know – and can he? – how far he is *acting* the part of the man of feeling? And when he speaks of his genius, does he know that he is at the beginning of a revolution – it was to end in Proust – a revolution that extracted the human being from literary generality and specification, or is he merely speaking of his distracted gift of living from sensation to sensation? The unkind have written him off as a toady and a busybody. If one were to accept this view, one would surely have to grant that no busybody of the male sex has been so affectable.

In the latest volume of the Yale edition*, Boswell has still not set in any certain mould. It is true that his passion for collecting advice and reprobation has at last led him by accident to a happy marriage with an excellent woman who is his friend as well as his wife: it is true that he has become a well-known literary figure, fit to sit with Johnson, Goldsmith and Garrick, and that he has settled down as a young lawyer in Edinburgh. The errors of the past are abjured. He is 32; soon he becomes – this time legitimately – a father. He is up to his eyes in work and domestic happiness, and busyness is a thing that always keeps him happy. But, fortunately for us if not for Mrs Boswell, the new Boswell breaks out in a new direction. It was about time, for, frankly, after the superb *London Journal*, the intermediate volumes have been rather scrappy and Boswell's pursuit of a personality had turned into a journey on a treadmill. It was time for him to get off it and revise himself. It is because there is an eventful revision in *Boswell for the Defence*, that this volume comes closest to the standard of the first.

The revision amounts to this. Since his father had obliged him to return to Edinburgh and work at the Bar, Boswell replied by marrying a woman his father disapproved of, and turned from hero-worshipper to villain-worshipper. The young man took to anything new with enthusiasm; but it was a humiliation to know he owed his job to his father's influence, and he paid him back by taking on all the sheep-stealers, brawlers, murderers and thieves with hopeless cases that the court in Edinburgh could supply. He cleverly managed to get one of his longed-for escapes to London out of it all by defending a schoolmaster arraigned for excessive beating, in the House of Lords. For Boswell this was an actor's triumph. A lot of Boswell's legal work was dull, though it paid him well, and he may have found criminal work more interesting; he may also have enjoyed the fact that it was bad for his professional advancement to be so persistently on the side of the underdog and the outcast. The real attraction for him was that the criminals dangerously stirred his emotions, if they also aroused his humanity.

He belonged to the humane generation that was beginning to revolt against the notion that sheep-stealing should be a capital offence. Once stirred, he worked himself to sickness on behalf of his dubious clients, and the Scottish bench was hard; many judges had an interest in the sheep trade. And then Boswell had his impulsive attraction to low life and his wide open defenceless curiosity about human nature. It is very strange to see Boswell – the literary figure, the sedulous and even snobbish attendant on the famous in London – it is strange to see him back in Edinburgh half-killing himself on behalf of John Reid, the sheep-stealer, fighting to save the wretch from himself and the gallows.

This case takes up a good portion of *Boswell for the Defence* and although it has its tedious passages at the beginning, it soon develops drama and strangeness and brings out Boswell at his best as a reporter, if it also reduces him to hypochondria. Boswell's curiosity is a fever; it has something of illness in it. One can say that he writes best out of all that is unstable, unhappy, extreme and even deplorable in himself. At his best he catches life as if it were an epidemic, and in this infected state, accurate observation, sympathy and mad impulses come to him. He is drunk and, in fact, at the height of the Reid case, Boswell took heavily to drink; one night he attacked his wife and threw a lighted candle at her. His remorse was awful. He would suddenly become 'monstruous passionate'. The disturbance is the opposite of those moments in London when, among his heroes, 'I hugged myself in my own mind. I felt a completion of happiness'.

Reid was a difficult client. He was a known thief. He denied his guilt in this, for him, fatal case. Boswell sat with him day after day in his cell trying to get a hint of saving evidence or a confession. He even made an appeal to the King. Reid was vain. He was also a fatalist and quite interested in the details of hanging. He did not fear death and complacently arranged that he should be hanged in white with a white nightcap on his head. He insisted on his wife and children being present at the execution. He and his wife had always been together, he said, and he feared his young son would forget him if he did not have the manner of his father's death vividly impressed on his mind. To make things worse for Boswell, Reid spoke from the gallows and said the sentence was 'unjust'; but at that word the nightcap fell over his face and no one was quite certain whether the muffled word was 'just' or 'unjust'.

Yet while the humane Boswell, beside himself with agony, was engaged in the battle, he was also observing. It was perhaps his safeguard. We have this astonishing scene. John Reid is in irons in his cell. The clock has struck two and Boswell tells him that, at that hour, in a few days, he will hear it strike for his death. Reid is quite unmoved. Boswell harangues with all his actor's gift, but Reid

> persisted in his tale. There was something approaching the ludicrous when, in the middle of my speech to him about his not being properly alive, he said, very gravely: 'Ay, I'm dead in law'. I was too violent with him. I said, 'With what face can you go into the other world?' And 'If your ghost should come and tell me this, I would not believe it'. This last sentence made me frightened, as I have faith in apparitions and had a kind of idea that perhaps his ghost might come to me and tell me that I had been unjust to him.

Nothing was to be done. Boswell and one Nasmith, who had written against capital punishment in the Press, went home and drank a bottle of port, and then:

> . . a curious thought struck me that I would write the case of John Reid as if dictated by himself on this day fixed for his execution. I accordingly did it and hit off very well the thoughts and style of what such a case would have been. Nasmith suggested the idea of Garden [an accomplice sentenced to transportation] in America. He undertook to send it to Galbraith the printer, that it might be hawked about the street this very night; which would have a striking effect, as it called on his readers to think that it was his *ghost* speaking to them.

Always an artist, Boswell was capitalising his own fear, not John Reid's, whose only recorded alarm was at the sight of the huge crowd gathered to see him die. He had imagined death, as we all do, as a private act. It was after the execution that Boswell got drunk and threw the lighted candle.

The London scenes in this volume are more genial. Boswell's amorousness has almost gone and he settles to the pleasure of social life. He misses his 'amiable spouse'. I have said that his observation has a quality of morbidity or fever and this may sound too sweeping a statement to make about his gift for the genial episode. But there are favourable fevers; there are morbidities that enlarge the affectable part of our minds. There is a revealing sentence in this brilliant account of Burke's oratory in the House:

It was astonishing how all kinds of figures

**Boswell for the Defence*. Edited by WILLIAM K. WIMSATT, JR., and FREDERICK A. POTTLE. *Heinemann*. 30s.

of speech crowded in upon him. He was like a man in an orchard where boughs loaded with fruit hung around him and he pulled the apples as fast as he pleased and pelted the Ministry. It seemed to me, however, that his oratory rather tended to distinguish himself than to assist his cause. There was amusement rather than persuasion. It was like the exhibition of a favourite actor. But I would have been exceedingly happy to be him.

Does not that last sentence contain the key to Boswell? He sees, he hears, in the feverish desire to be someone else; to leave his own 'pleasing, anxious being', so fluid, so facile, so easily carried this way and that, and to find the ideal hero – or the villain. Everyone has a mould, he has not. He is beset by his genius and held together only by the persistence of his guest. For it must not be thought that Boswell was weak because he was apt to ail and present himself in a state of dissolution; on the contrary, even if the great *Life* had not been written, we would see in his journalising, his patient and continuous search for his daily material in social life, in his self-questioning, the inveterate will of an inescapable Scottish conscience. Boswell climbed. He had a phenomenal will to be his own hero but lived on an emotional banana skin. It is this that makes him an original comic self-creation.

The Barricades of Art

Permanent Red. By JOHN BERGER. *Methuen.* 16s.

It is not the whole truth, but it is the most important part of the truth, that the painter in our society has to live and to paint against the society in which he lives, or else go down to defeat. There are two reasons why this is not the whole truth. The first is that there are painters who struggle through and they also are part of our society. That they are so few and that they have to struggle so hard is the negative side of our culture; that even so they win triumphs is its positive side. The second reason is that the artists who fail are not just defeated. For this suggests that they fought against something and lost. Of many this is untrue. From the outset they conformed successfully. They may be defeated, but the name that they are able to give to defeat is 'success'. They are, to use a phrase of Marx, comfortable in their alienation.

John Berger has written a book which is a major event in art criticism. Berger's importance lies first in the elementary fact that he is a *critic*. Most so-called critics write as though they were advertising agency executives gingerly handling the account for some modern movement. They reflect the movement of painting, they publicise and they endorse. The one thing which they do not do is criticise. And this is because they share with the painters about whom they write the assumption that a painting can and must be criticised on its own terms. What the painter does is treated as self-contained, as providing its own frame of reference. The only connections allowed in are those arbitrarily provided by the painter. By such would-be critics painting is confirmed in its formalism and the art world in its taste for arbitary intellectual fashion.

There are a whole series of devices by which painters and critics avoid facing the truth about themselves. Berger exposes these so thoroughly that he may well make matters worse. For those who read his book and cannot bear the pains of honesty will be driven to rationalisations which will make them more dishonest and trivial than ever before. One rationalisation will consist in writing Berger off as a Marxist. This label will be fastened on by those who want to suggest that Berger's characterisation of painting depends upon his holding a general theory of our society arrived at by inspecting, say, its economic structure. But this is just what Berger does not do. It is as true that he characterises our society by its art as that he characterises our art in terms of our society. He understands painting as a human activity, occurring at particular times and places. He shows us the contemporary human condition in the West in its painting and sculpture.

Bourgeois sociology will respond to this book as little as bourgeois criticism. For it would involve a revaluation of sociological method if it were seriously suggested that we should approach a society through its painting. But it is not a marginal truth about our society that art is only marginally important in it. This Berger hammers home in a way that makes his book a major contribution to sociology as well as to art criticism. He makes us understand why the commercialism of the art world which provides inflated prices for the auction room but inadequate grants for art students goes so well with the type of painting which flourishes. What kind of painting is it?

It is formalist painting. John Berger's whole book is about realism and formalism and it is unfair to quote isolated passages. But special reference must be made to the point at which he sums up this issue. Berger refuses to define realism in absolute terms. (It is important that naturalism could be so defined. Naturalistic art seeks a timeless quality just as much as abstract formalism does.) The realist is one who tries to 'bring into art aspects of nature and life previously ignored by the rule-makers'. So in each age the task of realism is different. 'For Masaccio the solidity of form was an essential of Realism. For the Impressionists the destruction of that solidity was an essential of Realism.' Just as realists seek to pass beyond the existing conventions and to grasp reality afresh, formalists seek to remain within the conventions and convert them from a means into an end, indeed use them to frustrate the whole realist attempt.

> Thus, the Tachists use the technical conventions of Impressionism to keep out all observation of the relationship between actual objects. Thus, the more violent Action painters use the technical conventions of expressionism to keep out all social emotions. And, of course, what they keep out is what inspired those who created their conventions.

So the task of the realist painter today is to discover what the existing conventions bar the way to – and then break through. What is forbidden is 'any precise hopeful reference to the objective world'. As much as that. If Berger underestimates anything it is the liberation that could come if art students learnt the truth of this.

The power of Berger's book lies both in the truth of his thesis and in his untiring particularity. It is in teaching us how to look at particular paintings and sculptures that the lessons are learnt. It is difficult to pick out the high moments; but the discussions of Gabo and the constructivists or of Jackson Pollock are outstanding among the case-histories of failure. The studies of Matisse, Zadkine and Léger are a guarantee that John Berger has not merely a negative eye. Nor is it only in the passages explicitly concerned with the past that the sureness of his historical touch is evident.

Many of these pieces were first published separately in the NEW STATESMAN. But there is no feeling of scissors-and-paste about the whole book. It is probably the best introduction to painting and sculpture that our society has yet seen. When most people realise this, we shall have made the revolutionary change to another sort of society with another and more humane sort of art. It will be a society which Berger's book has helped to produce.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

New Novels

Flight into Camden. By DAVID STOREY. *Longmans.* 16s..

Don't Tell Alfred. By NANCY MITFORD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

A Net of Gold. By ALICE EKERT-ROTHOLZ. *Cape.* 18s.

Season of Adventure. By GEORGE LAMMING. *Joseph.* 21s.

Guiana Boy. By LAUCHMONEN. *New Literature.* 16s.

Cinderella, happily enough, is always cropping up in fiction. She makes an appearance in Nancy Mitford's new novel, *Don't Tell Alfred*, as Fanny Wincham who, with her husband Alfred, is set down without much warning in the British Embassy in Paris. Will intelligent but unsophisticated Fanny be a success as Ambassadress? Will she make her mark at the international ball? This is a promising beginning. It is made even more promising by the sit-down strike of her brilliant predecessor, and more promising again by the arrival of her secretary, little Northey, dewy-eyed turner of heads and potential wrecker of cabinets; so I was disappointed when Miss Mitford abandoned her plot in favour of amusing but rather disconnected gossip; but I expect this is her way and one which gives pleasure to a large number of people.

Mrs Ekert-Rotholz's new novel, *A Net of Gold*, is by contrast richly and meticulously plotted. It is a chronicle of the Dutch *raj* in the East Indies between 1920 and 1950, and although for me it lacked a total richness I have to recognise that this was because none of her well-drawn characters is given a leading role, and that without such a focus of attention my mind wandered. But she has wit, knowledge and a penetrating eye for the melodrama that goes on in the world and in the lives of people whose faces freeze up when they find it in novels.

From the East to the West Indies, and Mr Lamming's *Season of Adventure* which his publishers suggest shows a new aspect of his talent: authority. Not having read his previous books I can't say whether it is new but it is certainly there. It is there in the sense of weight, a heavy shoulder pressing against you in the dark; and in the sense of pace, a rhythm on the page you don't feel the exactness of but are compelled to try for. Once you've got the man's measure you will get the revelation. Somewhere in this book I missed getting the measure, either through my own fault or Mr Lamming's – probably through mine. I knew nothing of this Caribbean island of San Cristobal, which was

HARRAP BOOKS

FOR DECEMBER 8

AFFECTIONATELY, F. D. R.

JAMES ROOSEVELT & SIDNEY SHALETT. An entirely fresh, intimate, and affectionate view of an extraordinary man as seen by his eldest son, who was his personal ambassador, military aide, and White House assistant. *Illustrated* **25s.**

PILGRIMAGE FOR PLANTS

FRANK KINGDON-WARD was a plant-collector and explorer for more than 40 years. In all, he made 23 expeditions, mainly in Assam, Burma, China, and Tibet. His book blends autobiography, with speculation on plant-geography. *Illustrated* **18s.**

HARLEY ST. PSYCHIATRIST

ALAN MITCHELL, author of *Harley Street Hypnotist,* etc., now describes how a doctor studies, and then practises psychiatry. All the cases quoted are based on fact and are medically accurate. **15s.**

HUSSEIN OF JORDAN

JUDGE GERALD SPARROW. What does the future hold for Jordan and Hussein? This authorized biography throws a revealing light on the character of the young king and many Middle East problems. *Illustrated* **15s.**

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WILLIAM STEWART has rescued from oblivion more than forty London Characters: cabbies, recruiting sergeants, lavender sellers, street musicians, and others. Each is the subject of a character study and a vigorous full-page drawing by the author. **15s.**

THE UNFORTUNATE SHIP

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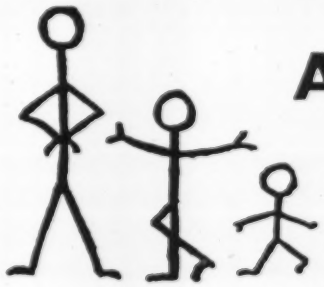

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apparently first mapped in *Of Age and Innocence*. In *Season of Adventure* San Cristobal has achieved independence and its people immunity from the laws of spiritual as well as social and economic gravity. I think this is part of what Mr Lamming is saying. His chief character is a girl, Fola. Witnessing the island ceremony of souls she embarks upon an obsessional search for herself. This is very much my meat but I imagine people who already know something of San Cristobal will get more off the bone than I did.

Lauchmonen is also a West Indian, and *Guiana Boy* is his first novel. It is also the first book published by Mr Peter Kempadoo's new firm, New Literature. It is about Lilboy, a 12-year-old, and has the charm and simplicity and none of the marring sentimentality of its kind. Content for the moment with the natural influences of western writers Lauchmonen succeeds where Lamming fails, in making *me* feel something of what it is like to be in the West Indies (not at all the same thing as what it is like to be a West Indian). But he has his own writer's eye and sensibility. Having tea with white people Lilboy says '. . . their long white arms were bare and cool and some of their veins were blue'. And this – when he is dressed up and out with his mother running the gauntlet of his scruffy friends – 'I sure felt like a cent ice melting away'. References to 'Singer's sewing and embroidery class', and 'Macmillan readers', add to Lauchmonen's simpler air of authority.

And now the novel at the top of the list – *Flight into Camden*. Raw, ragged and imperfect, it filled me with a black and bitter despair, left me trembling with that impatient fever sometimes called a stricken conscience. Now, nearly a week after my encounter with it, what comes to the surface is the glow of feeling better for it. The last bleak and terrible chapter of *Room at the Top* had the same effect on me; and I know that in a short review I can't begin to do justice to Storey's novel.

Told in the first person by Margaret Thorpe, the story falls into two natural parts: Yorkshire (Wakefield?) and Camden Town. Margaret and her brother Michael have been educated by their father out of his own miner's background. He sees their emptiness without understanding it. 'Your great educated emptiness!' he cries in a rare, articulate moment. The tragedy is that they feel the emptiness themselves and can only fill it with things that make it more noticeable to their mother and father and widen the gap even further – the son with cold and desperate consideration for his career, the daughter with love for a married man she knows is worthless but with whom she goes away.

This being educated out is by no means a new situation. It is the very basis of the class structure. What struck me as new was the use of the word 'emptiness' and its application to parents and children alike. This was the moment of truth, the blow to the solar plexus which made form, shape, technique, surface tension and all the other novelese-claptrap of no account whatsoever. Novels that work their way in through your mind and heart are comparatively rare; those that attack you in the belly rarer still. I don't know whether *Flight into Camden* will be a success but I'm sure Mr Storey is going to be.

PAUL SCOTT

Morris West

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HEINEMANN

At the Estuary

Harvest on the Don. By MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV. Trans. H. C. STEVENS. *Putnam.* 21*s.*

Last December *Pravda* described Sholokhov reading to students of Moscow University from a newly-completed work. On coming to the end, he put the pages together and announced 'That's it, then – I've finished'. *Virgin Soil Upturned* (of which the conclusion is translated here by H. C. Stevens under a separate title) had taken him 30 years to complete, and the flavour of *Pravda's* report suggested a particularly domestic celebration to mark the end of an epic that has become a legend in its own lifetime, of a book for and about the Russians and nobody else. The outsider might peep round the door, see the author's home sales figure around the 25 million mark, and go away with an apology.

That would be a mistake. The novel is undoubtedly *for* the Russian people, even though its message is now of largely historical interest. During the early days of the collectives, when the various Associations of Proletarian Writers were sending out journalists to construct a literature of the people as a weapon in the class war, the political purpose of Sholokhov's book must have been clearer. The first part dates from this period (pub. 1932), and it is hard to follow accusations that Sholokhov lacked significance in this direction; part one is certainly more theoretical than the sequel. After 30 years, however, with the social and economic heat reduced and the threat of an internal counter-revolution dead and buried, a wider view can and should be taken of the novel. The message has long since been received, and the author can now transmit genuine human statements.

About the Russians, then? This will depend on whether one believes that the most subtle form of propaganda is that which does not gloss over faults – a theory which was presumably not held by the American authorities who discouraged *West Side Story* from visiting Poland. The wily Cossack face that looks out from the dust-jacket of this book seems quite cunning enough to try that dodge. And in this sense the book is certainly about Russians of the Don region, or people anywhere for that matter. The hero Davidov, one of the 25,000 sent to the country during the First Five-Year Plan, runs his collective with great earnestness and dies fighting White bandits in 1930. The perfect background for a conventional hero. But he blunders in his dealings with the peasants, has an affair with the local hussy, and fails to keep order during a Party enrolment session. He is frequently rude and impatient, and leaves the Party homework to his colleague Nagulnov, an equally unpredictable character. The chairman of the village soviet is a sentimentalist, waging war against every cat in sight when his pet pigeons are threatened, and still mourning his long-dead wife. By far the toughest characters around are the women, who are built on generous lines and are determined to make capital out of their position in the new society. The nearest approaches to conventionality lie at opposite extremes: in the two ex-officer bandits who sit out most of the novel in hiding, and in old daddy Shchukar, a shade too garrulous and 'lovable' at times.

With these and others, then, Sholokhov has managed to create people entirely loyal and patriotic but far more interested in their immediate business – harvesting, making love, telling stories – than in abstractions. One character is rapped over the knuckles for complaining that 'they' are at the bottom of all the trouble, and this focusing of attention on to realities is typical. A delight in landscape, in the smells, colours and sounds of the steppe, is another traditional feature of the great Russian novel to be found here, and explains why Sholokhov has spent so little time away from his native village. It must also surely account for the affection as well as for the respect which awaited the Don at its estuary.

RICHARD NEWNHAM

Lion-Hearted Egoist

Trumpets from the Steep. By DIANA COOPER. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

I dare say this book will annoy a good many serious-minded people. Certainly by the selective use of quotations – a device one reviewer has already employed – it is possible to present Lady Diana as an exceptionally frivolous and selfish woman, fussing about personal trivialities while Britain was in mortal peril. But this would be to give a most misleading impression of her character. Like most aristocrats who lead a champagne life on beer money, there is a streak of Becky Sharp about her. She is an egoist but, again like Becky, a lion-hearted one: there is something endearing in her manful attempts to sustain gracious living in wartime Bognor, in Singapore before the deluge, in De Gaulle's Algiers. She always gets what she wants; but then she works very hard to get it and – perhaps more important – shares it with others.

All this, of course, is really beside the point, for what matters about Lady Diana is that she can write. In her memoirs, of which this

is the third and last, she reaps the rich harvest of a life-time of letter-writing. By publishing these at length, she gives her book a period flavour and authenticity which no amount of careful retrospection can provide; indeed, if it tails off towards the end, it is because she ceases to quote from them. Her letters are precise, detailed, unselfconscious, she has a superb eye for the ludicrous, a racy gift for the rounded anecdote. Here she is on the problem of making conversation with De Gaulle:

> I talked about the United States and told him how the Pallio race was run in Sienna ... Then I tried Australian fauna, a palpitating subject for me, the emu, wombat, koala bear, lyre-bird, duck-billed platypus and wallaby. He gloomily said *'Il parait qu'il y a des kangarous'*.

There is also a terrifying brutal description of the way in which the British crushed the young Farouk in the pre-Alamein crisis:

> Sir Miles went with some generals and a pistol for Pharaoh's head to insist on our advice being taken. In the other hand he carried an abdication drafted by the practised hand of Walter Monckton. Pen in hand, the victim complained of the ink and then asked for another chance, so the tanks rolled home. When I came back from dining . . . I found the Embassy hall a babel of huddled groups – Oliver and Moira Lyttelton, Walter Monckton, Mr Michael Wright, lots of ADCs, Military Secretaries and unknowns. Wright and Walter see it reminiscent of Munich in not getting an abdication signed, but Oliver and HE were 'just certain' they had been right in the present arrangement. HE came out of his den, dressed in a pearl-grey *frac*, arm-in-arm with Nahas Pasha, both grinning themselves in two. Nahas (now prime minister) was waiting outside for orders.

This book is, indeed, a luxury Cook's tour of the British Empire in its twilight: in its observance of manners and states of mind in those (now remote) days, it constitutes, in its own way, a fascinating piece of historical evidence.

PAUL JOHNSON

Paperbacks

In the present chaos of paperbacks it is heartening to come across a series that aims at a particular audience and caters for specific needs. Clearly the University Paperbacks are principally produced for the benefit of students, and undergraduates who are tired of running between the university and the faculty libraries should have reason to be grateful to Methuen for a number of standard works of criticism at reasonable prices in respectable covers.

Perhaps the most welcome of the recent productions is H. D. F. Kitto's *Form and Meaning in Drama* (12s. 6d.). In an earlier work Professor Kitto created something close to a revolution in classical studies by treating Greek tragedies as if they were living works of art, and in *Form and Meaning*, first published four years ago, the same subtlety of insight is controlled by a surer economy in the discussion of the plays. The three opening chapters on the *Oresteia*, in particular, are models of imaginative and coherent critical analysis; the essay on *Hamlet*, however, seems less illuminating now that the central thesis has become familiar. The argument linking Shakespearian to Aeschylean tragedy is brilliantly sustained through a close examination of the text, but what is missing is the sense of personal engagement and hesitancy that runs

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through T. S. Eliot's essay on *Hamlet* in *The Sacred Wood* (7s. 6d.), another volume in the University Paperbacks series.

In spite of the air of dignified evasion that might well direct the reader away from, rather than into the play, Eliot's essay seems paradoxically more central to the actual experience of reading or seeing *Hamlet* than either Professor Kitto's thesis or G. Wilson Knight's discussion in *The Wheel of Fire* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). Professor Knight's 'interpretation' is naturally far from unengaged, but the extreme urgency of tone which marks all his discussions of Shakespeare slips too easily into a blurring and over-confident rhetoric in this essay, although in the treatment of *Troilus and Cressida* it works positively to clarify the major themes.

Two other University Paperbacks, Geoffrey Brereton's *An Introduction to the French Poets* (12s. 6d.) and Maurice Baring's *Landmarks in Russian Literature* (7s. 6d.) are perhaps more conventional in their appeal. Neither presents any challenge, and both are clearly (and unsatisfactorily) functional. Surveys of the 'introduction' sort are notoriously inadequate and Dr Brereton's book especially, in spite of its flashes of brilliance in comparison and generalisation, offers numerous examples of simplified wrenching: 'Lamartine aspired to be a philosophical poet and, with the same character but different gifts, he might have become the French Wordsworth. But in fact, if he can be compared to any English poet, it is rather with Shelley . . .' Dr Brereton's outline runs from Villon to Valery in 289 pages, while Maurice Baring takes Tolstoy and Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Chekhov and 'Russian Poetry' by way of two chapters on the 'Realism of Russian Literature' and the 'Cheerfulness of the Russian People' – and this in 210 pages; but for the desperate examinee both will doubtless serve a purpose.

If Methuen's series has so far taken the lead in literary criticism with its imaginative grouping of Professor Kitto, Mr Eliot and Professor Wilson Knight, Cambridge does well with the publication of *Culture and Anarchy* (8s. 6d.). Arnold's genuine importance needs particular stressing in view of a current tendency to promote him into a remote 'centre of reference', and his vividly personal tone, even in the 'Sweetness and Light' proclamation, should attract attention to the real quality of his concern. From Cambridge, too, Miss Bradbrook's *Themes and Conventions of Elizabethan Tragedy* (12s. 6d.), worth having more for the information it provides than for any radical insight.

SIMON GRAY.

Other books in the Methuen University Paperbacks series are William McDougall's *An Introduction to Social Psychology* (12s. 6d.); *Einstein's Relativity* (7s. 6d.); Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism* (12s. 6d.); Ernest Barker's *Greek Political Theory* (12s. 6d.); A. E. Taylor's *Plato* (12s. 6d.); C. V. Wedgwood's *William the Silent* (12s. 6d.); Grahame Clark's *Archæology and Society* (12s. 6d.); and J. W. Allen's *A History of Political Thought in the Sixteenth Century* (12s. 6d.). New Cambridge paperbacks include Gerald Brenan's *The Spanish Labyrinth;* H. S. Bennett's *Life in the English Manor* (13s. 6d. each); and Gilbert Ryle's *Dilemmas* (7s. 6d.). Among the new Harper Torchbooks (Hamish Hamilton) are: G. P. Gooch's *English Democratic Ideas* (12s. 6d.); *The Mind of Man: A History of Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis,* by Walter Bromberg (16s.); and John U. Nef's *Cultural Foundations of Industrial Civilization* (8s. 6d.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,601 **Set by J.S.F.**

What is a communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Be he idler or bungler or both he is willing
To fork out his sixpence and pocket your shilling.

Thus Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849). The usual prizes are offered for a similar verse definition of a Republican, a Democrat, an Empire Loyalist, a member of the Bow Group or a supporter of Victory for Socialism. Entries by 8 November.

Result of No. 1,598 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are asked to devise an imaginary new English dialect and to compose in it up to 150 words of dialogue. Explanations, which must be brief, must be included in the text.

Report

I'm not sure why there should be any connection between speaking in dialect and talking of disaster, but the best entries all introduced accidents, calamities, injuries and Acts of God. I can only suppose that communities possessing a distinctive dialect are regarded as being more at the mercy of the elements and the hazards of simple living than those sophisticates who speak English more or less as she is spoken.

Those commended are R. Kennard Davis, J. A. Lindon and G. J. Blundell. I suggest the prize be divided equally between Allan M. Laing, H. A. C. Evans, Lyndon Irving, Rhoda Tuck Pook, Annie Allen, Crake, David Benedictus, Nancy Gunter, J. S. Fidgen, and E. T. Scheffauer.

'Hypee, chuck! War ye bin s'n muckerooge (muck-spreading)?'
'I' grut mendiplaace (hospital).'
'I' mendiplaace? Wy fer how?'
'Brak un a me stompers (legs).'
'How dadled ye sich an 'ing (such a thing)?'
'Slompt arter me worricort (farm-wagon)'
'Ye sain me ye wore merricumjigser (drunk)?'
'Nick: I sain nithers lik sich. Yer aff mork (off the mark).'
'Ach, ye nain eck at me dorn yer nooze (eye me down your nose). Ye con doh a lunk a pot'iln (pot-swilling) an if yer warnt.'
'Nick: fegs is (fact is) ta ballocky 'frlegger (horse) scantered aff lollopy-whang an' chockered me dorn.'
'Ye dornt cumfoozle me! I kain yer f'rlegger is a chug-chug (tractor).'
'Ye sain ye dornt croit (believe) me?'
'Yak, I sain sich.'
'Gan ye Hollplaace (Go to Hell!')

ALLAN M. LAING

'D'you glem that little rosher on the plast to Winchester?'
'D'you snig The Plug and Wire?'
'That's the one. Well, I was stamming along in the boster the other day when I began to feel a bit shusty so I stopped thare for a pint of rosh, and who should I lemp in the scrooch but old Bill Lumley. You glem Bill, don't you?'
'Not spleenly. But I've lemped him a skimple of times.'
'Well, we had a bit of a shinner and then I found I was pretty jank, so I suggested we should have some chewk with our rosh.'
'Very crannit. Their chewk's good. I remember once – .'
'Wait. You haven't heard the rest of it. We were standing there, shinnering away, when suddenly Bill gives a loud vawk and falls flat on his snerch.'
'Poor old Bill.'

'Ah. Had to be taken off to the haler. Groggy tock.'

H. A. C. EVANS

'Wur Robby talt mer ut yur bedman's brokket hun stembone Mistice Cudwick. Howfer er it come? We'em hoal troubled fer ya.'

'Yain; hun war slarpen pappy un cooky flat (was papering the kitchen ceiling) wan hun slup ov stepcase en felt rut un pastepail. Hun'll noan wok fer tree monce, set surgeyman up at Sick House.'

'War hun pollisied?'

'Nain, meer's pity. Pruman (insurance agent) forrarded it meer'n wun time but hun's leffin naw, shedden' wumser. We'em gat bare Albert's wikearns naw. Am been't fot lodgman we'sh't'v clemmed oot.'

'Ay, Mistice Cudwick we'em ikken naw wat's cumm'n. Lawk adivvy! (Expression signifying 'We must accept what the Almighty sends'.)'

LYNDON IRVING

(*Bertha's hypochondriac husband has sent her to his sister with a message*)

It's bygood (useless) you come skallangerin' (pestering) at me. Can I do, I wun (will), and can't I do, I shun (shan't).'

'You worsen't (better not) go 'gin Jim. He's half steppit (one foot in the grave) already. There's a maybe, have you wun, (a chance, if you will), but be's fareout (death), let you not, might (if you don't, probably).'

'Him? Be scraw (tough) as an ow' caggit (hog) be he sees me lippin' (hurrying) along over, come o' you sitherin' an' coochin' me up (because of you fussing and flattering me), seem. (Very likely). An' backtellin me, underminded, be after (Misinterpreting me, deceitfully, later).'

'Aw-w-w! An' you his twawean! (twin). And me to tell him his dobegot (twin) wunnot come time (before) his cerein' (shrouding), not to say him out (bid farewell) not see'm ever he's stretched, till! (until after he's laid out). Ye ow' slig! (Female polecat).'

'Come ye're gaintaking (leaving), caddle the beg afthins ye, looseome (shut the door behind you quietly). Jim can swith (get up) himself up off his atcher (hindquarters) and come tell me what's 'a want. And you stunna gone forecome (stay away in future), Bertha Barks!'

RHODA TUCK POOK

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

A very rich man recently informed me that the age of the privately owned motor-car is nearly over. I was taken aback. His argument was that in our society what the rich do today the others do tomorrow; and it seems that what the rich are doing is hiring cars at the air or rail terminal. Certainly, to drive to a destination hundreds of miles away has become tedious and unpleasant. And slow. In some parts of England it is difficult to average 25 mph – as against 50 in France.

A couple of months ago I might have agreed with my rich acquaintance that the motor-car has ceased to be a practical transport device by reason of its own popularity. We simply haven't the roads for it; and the point in time at which we could still have built them so as to keep ahead of the motor-car industry's monstrous fecundity, has probably passed. Especially as a large part of the road programme seems to consist in putting up big fancy notices on perfectly ordinary roads and pretending that this accomplishes something. But for the past six weeks I have been driving a 'Mini-minor' and I am bound to say that some of the old pleasure of motoring has been restored by this ingenious contrivance: it is exactly what English roads and conditions call for. It is cheap to run,

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fast, steady, quiet and easy to park. And it bowls along with a kind of jauntiness which puts the driver into a good temper.

It is one of those machines which persuade you that it is alive, so that you want to pat it which you reach the end of a long journey, and regret that you can do nothing for its comfort, such as providing a feed of oats. You can easily envisage the 'Mini-minor' behaving like a motor-car in an early Walt Disney – curling the lip of its radiator grid and blowing a frightful raspberry as it nips past some bullying great Rolls-Bentley. BMC have made a really sensible and valuable contribution to the solution of the transport problem.

★ ★ ★

Personally I would be quite willing to accept the old railway solution. But BR won't co-operate. One can't blame them: until the heavy freight traffic is restored to the railways by order, and banned from the roads where it is a principal cause of congestion, delay, and accident, they will not be able to afford to carry us as we want to be carried – fast and comfortably. In the south-east we have, since electrification, all the speed we want, and a frequent service. But as to comfort, an old-fashioned Pullman is beyond comparison superior to one of the new buffy-cars, as the stewards call them, which have been designed, I imagine, by a coffee-bar architect ordered to produce something that will look modern in the advertisements.

In any case, the track is so rough that if you dare to order a meal in one of them, you are apt to receive your soup in your lap, and I cannot imagine why the milk in the jugs at tea-time is not churned into butter. Some chemical inhibitor, no doubt. Travelling to Norwich by train recently, I found the noise so appalling that conversation with my companion was exhausting. A month ago I travelled by train from Totnes to Paddington. The train was 45 minutes late. It was hauled by a locomotive called *Sir Brian Robertson*. Talk about sticking your neck out!

And all this because for purely doctrinaire reasons an integral, planned, directed system of transport on a national scale is impossible under a Tory government. A brilliant PR man as Minister of Transport is all very well; but how about giving the job to a transport engineer? And what is the NUR doing still using its strike-power against the poor old Transport Commission? It should gang up with the Commission to force an efficient transport plan on the government. Once we have that, we should be able to afford railwaymen at least as decent a living as roadmen receive.

★ ★ ★

But while we are still obliged to put up with heavy freight on the roads – and there would in any case always be a great deal of short-haul traffic – something could be done about our lorries, which seem to be seriously underpowered. They manage well enough on the flat; but, fully laden, they are obliged to crawl up hills, baulking from one to a 100 other vehicles for mile after mile. Given enough power to maintain say 30 mph on hills, they would be over-powered for the flat part of their work. Any reason why they should not be fitted with a small auxiliary engine to be cut in when an extra heave was required?

The new
Simon Raven

Doctors Wear Scarlet

NB. In the right hand bottom corner of a Cambridge Colleges' invitation to a feast will be found, in neat copper plate, the words: *Doctors Wear Scarlet.*

BLOND **OUT ON MONDAY.**
16s.

City Lights

TAURUS

It was Homer, a great admirer of property, who set gold up as one of the powerful words of the language, ambiguous as strong feeling, but never commonplace. Last week's sudden boom in one of the staidest and least familiar City markets was worth anyone's headline. It was the result of cold-blooded speculation rather than of a stampede out of crumbling institutions, and it might have turned out to be nothing more than a storm in a dirty teacup; but any reflection of America's painful growing-up is important, and Thursday's astonishing rise in the price of gold was undeniably dramatic.

The drama was staged against the fact that the price of gold, since the London market re-opened in 1954, has moved only between the limits of $35.05 and $35.15 an ounce: most of the business is done at a meeting at Rothschilds each morning, and the price usually moves only a farthing or two from one day to another. The market exists for the use of anyone entitled to deal in gold—central banks, the South African and Australian producers, dentists, speculators, manufacturers of wedding rings: instead of dealing at a fixed price, they have dealt since 1954 at a price which scarcely varied.

The main reason for this stability was the fact that the US, which holds half the world's gold for all its recent losses, was and is still prepared to deal in gold with other central banks at a price (plus or minus expenses) of $35 an ounce. Since central banks, the main operators in gold, are free to deal either through London or directly with the Fed, the London price tends to stay within touching distance of the Fed's $35. But on Monday of last week, for the first time, the price went slightly past the $35.25 which is conventionally regarded as the level at which it pays to buy gold at the fixed price in New York and ship it to London; the newspapers commented, and on Tuesday the price rose to $35.34; on Wednesday, after more comment, it rose to $35.60; and on Thursday it soared suddenly to $41 before falling back, after a hasty statement from the US government, to close at $38. The boom had developed too suddenly to be noticed by the official speech-makers at the annual Bankers' Dinner.

Nobody seems to be quite certain what happened. There is no doubt that the US has a serious payments problem to deal with, and there are a growing number of people with money to burn – especially since Switzerland, the main haven for their money, began to charge them harbour dues – ready to speculate on a devaluation of the dollar: one persistent story is that the whole thing blew up because Mr Kennedy was imprudent enough, in a private gathering, to suggest that he would prefer a dynamic country to a country tied to the present dollar parity. The main danger, in fact, in the growth of a speculative snowball is that it may induce a larger number of Americans to make use of their unfettered right to convert their dollars into gold, and that the drain on the US gold reserve may then increase alarmingly. But the speculative sales of dollars for gold through the London market which have driven up the price of gold so sharply are, so far, still small compared with the total drain on the US reserve.

Their effect has been so obvious only because everyone, central banks as well as speculators, is concerned about the US payments deficit. Central banks are reluctant enough at present to seem to be adding to the difficulties of the US by exchanging their surplus dollars for gold with the Fed: they would not dream of buying gold 'for legitimate monetary purposes' at $35 and selling it for a handsome profit in London at $38. Unless the Fed itself makes a break with dignified precedent or persuades other central banks that an arbitrage profit can sometimes be respectable, the London price may remain sufficiently far above the official $35 to keep speculation nourished and encourage US brokers to move their clients out of Wall Street into gold.

The persistent US gold loss, however, on which speculative hopes feed, is due largely to the relatively high level of interest rates in Germany and the UK. Germany was discussing economic policy at the beginning of this week; the UK, to judge by the sharp fall in the Treasury bill rate, is quite ready for a cut in Bank rate. America may still be able to get through its election in peace.

★ ★ ★

Nobody ever says much at the Bankers' Dinner; but Mr Cobbold has said a little more each year, and this year, on the brink of retirement, he went a long way towards bringing Grandma up to date. He claimed, of course, that monetary policy was more important than people supposed and he argued again that credit squeezes are unfair to banks. But he acknowledged (1) that a rise in the reserves caused by higher interest rates is no reason for rejoicing; (2) that countries should borrow from the IMF casually and in good time; (3) that creditor countries should keep down their interest rates; (4) that credit restrictions should not be maintained rigidly; and (5) that there should be some control over foreign investment. His closing statement

– *'I like to feel that, despite the vicissitudes of the past 30 years, the Bank of England can still claim, in fact as well as in form, to respond on behalf of the Bankers and merchants of the City of London'* – suggests that the critics may soon have to switch their attention from Grandma to HM Treasury.

Company News

Dorman Long has announced a new five-year £36m expansion plan which will slightly reduce its dependence on heavy industry.

Cunard, suffering from strikes, is passing its interim dividend.

Pollard Ball Bearing has announced half-year profits up by 14 per cent; the shares are a popular growth investment, and the drop in price caused by the warning of a rights issue is likely to be short-lived.

Plessey, a medium-sized electrical firm, is making a reasonably generous bid for *Garrard*, one of the main gramophone equipment manufacturers.

Gas Purification, an industrial holding group recently in difficulties, has recovered well: but the second half-year was a good deal worse than the first, and the Grundig tape-recorder subsidiary is as likely to be suffering from HP restrictions as the other manufacturers of expensive gadgets.

Ductile Steels, which does the sort of thing its name suggests, has more than doubled its profit and raised its dividend from 15 to 22½ per cent.

British Rayophane, a packaging firm, has again increased its profit, this time from £278,000 to £357,000, and raised its dividend further from 30 to 35 per cent.

The Chess Board

No. 572. The Rewards of Consistency

'Between the opening and the ending the gods have put the middle game', was Emanuel Lasker's favourite remark when that great tactician came across arguments about the strategic pursuit of endgame advantages stemming from a pawn-weakness inflicted in the opening. How right he was, and yet there are games in which, at the crucial stage of transition to the middle-game, a player conceives a long-term strategic plan and consistently sees it through to the victorious endgame. Here (Keres-Euwe, 1940) is a remarkable case in point.

1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2) P-QB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4) Q-B2, Kt-B3; 5) Kt-B3, 0-0; 6) B-Kt5, P-KR3; 7) B-R4, P-Q3; 8) P-K3, Q-K2; 9) B-K2, P-K4; 10) P-Q5, Kt-Kt1 [That Kt aims at QB4 and its tenure of that square will soon have to be secured by . . . P-QR4; one more reason (albeit a minor one) for the strategic conception of White's next move to gather advantage on either wing; it is, of course, Kt-Q2, its primary object being the push of the KBP and the inevitable creation of weak squares in Black's pawn-position]; 11) Kt-Q2!, QKt-Q2; 12) 0-0, P-QR4; 13) QR-K1, R-K1; 14) P-B4!, BxKt; 15) QxB, Kt-K5; 16) KtxKt, QxB; 17) P-KKt3, Q-K2; 18) B-Kt4!, Kt-B3; 19) KtxKt ch, QxKt; 20) BxB, QRxB; 21) R-B2 [Protecting the QKtP and thereby threatening QxRP], P-QKt3; 22) R(1)-KB1, Q-Kt3 [Vainly tempting White with the offer of Q&P for the two Rooks]; 23) P-B5!, Q-B3; 24) P-K4 [All according to plan], P-B3 [Deciding to shift his P-weakness from c7 to d6]; 25) PxP, RxP; 26) P-QR4!, K-B1 [Escaping from the forthcoming K-wing attack]; 27) KR-Q1, KR-QB1; 28) P-Kt3, K-K2; 29) Q-KB3, K-Q2; 30) P-R4, K-B2; 31) K-B1, K-Kt2; 32) K-K2, R(1)-B2; 33) R-R2, Q-Q1; 34) P-KKt4, P-B3 [Another one of the strategic objects achieved]; 35) R-Kt2, R-B1; 36) R-Kt1, Q-Q2; 37) Q-Q3, Q-KB2; 38) R-KR1, R-KR1; 39) R(1)-R1, R(3)-B1; 40) P-Kt5! [The carefully prepared break-through rather than the mistaken grab of the QP], RPxP; 41) RPxP, Q-QB2 [After the exchange of a R Black's QP would no longer have been taboo]; 42) Q-Q5 ch, K-R2; 43) R-Q3, RxR; 44) RxR, PxP; 45) R-R7, Q-K2; 46) K-B1! [Thwarting Black's saving grace of gaining g5 for his Queen], R-KB1; 47) K-Kt4, R-B2 [Black has just managed to secure his K-wing, but now, quite according to his original conception, White can switch his attack to the other wing]; 48) P-Kt4! PxP [Black's only hope of a counter-chance, the more so since . . . Q-B2 would fail against PxP, followed by R-R8]; 49) P-R5!, Q-Kt2; 50) PxP ch, KxP; 51) QxP ch, K-R2; 52) QxKP, P-Kt6 [Looks dangerous but isn't]; 53) R-R3!, R-B3; 54) Q-Q4 ch, R-Kt3; 55) RxP, resigns.

I took this from P. Schmidt's *Schachmeister denken* (*W. Rau Verlag* DM 6.40), a useful booklet containing a mere 15 games, each of them most copiously annotated and most thoroughly analysed; and each of them illustrating some significant theme, such as the domination of the centre, counterplay grasped or neglected, a calculated risk, undue optimism and so on. This is the 2nd edition, and almost all the games are from grand-master practice of the late thirties and early forties rather than more recent times.

A: Paul Schmidt 1946

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White (playing his own father) forced a very brilliant mate in 9, involving as many as three sacrifices in the first 4 moves (and that isn't the end of the sacrificial orgy yet). **B**, a win, should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points, thanks to my useful hint that this is re-mindful of such games as 'hide and seek' or 'He'. 7 points (and no hints) for **C**, a draw. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 November.

B: F. Holm: /K7/2b5/3plp2/4k3/4P3/4Kt3/8/2B5/.

C: A. S. Gurvitch, 1927: /6k1/8/4K3/1R5p/8/2Kt5/kt2q3B/8/.

REPORT on No. 569. Set 8 October

A: 1) . . . B-Kt1; 2) RxP ch!, K-R1 (otherwise a hopeless ending); 3) R-R7 ch!, K-Kt1; 3) R-R8 ch!! etc.

B: 1) Q-Kt4!, Q-Q4(KB6); 2) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt3; 3) Q-Kt3 ch!, QxQ; 4) P=Q ch etc. Or 1) . . . Q-Kt7; 2) Q-R3 ch, followed by Q-Kt2 ch etc. Or 1) . . . Q-R8; 2) Q-R3 ch, K-Kt3; 3) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B2; 4) Q-R2 ch.

C: 1) . . . Q-Kt5 ch; 2) QxQ, R-R8!; 3) K-Q1, R-QB2!; 4) Kt-B3 ch, K-Kt7 ch; 5) Kt-K1 ch, R-Kt ch!; 6) QxR, R-B5!!; 7) Q-KB1 ch!! etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, D. E. Cohen, J. W. Eccleson, L. G. Kennion, W. T. Maccall.

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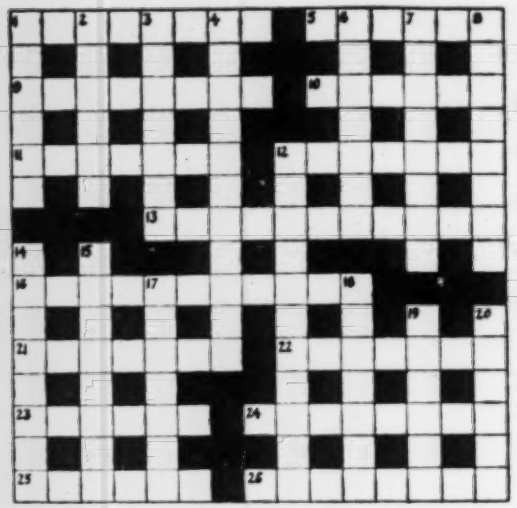
Week-end Crossword 429

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 429, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 8 November.



ACROSS

1. Corporal punishment and cells in the underground place (8).
5. The detective discovers a large number in difficult situations (6).
9. Centrifugally not at home with parts of the town (8).
10. Affords one holiday place and half another (6).
11. '—— spirit of the chainless mind!' (Byron) (7).
12. Is second in the race for the up-to-date weapon (7).
13. Flowers shroud the girl in a gloomy return (11).
16. Player who starts with victory and ends with the reverse of a different result (11).
21. Cooper's place (7).
22. Flower which had to be crossed (7).
23. 'Time is our tedious song should here have ——' (Milton) (6).
24. Sang a month back without a register (8).
25. Emphasise force (6).
26. Perseveres in converting sister in an afterthought (8).

DOWN

1. Plant caught by an amateur (6).
2. Summer is potentially fall (6).
3. Unable to escape but possibly can hide (7).
4. Novel time of Caesar's death? (11).
6. One who objects to work on a problem (7).
7. The gayest make mistakes in arranging the times (8).
8. Uncertainty ended by writers in employment (8).
12. Failure is caught in taking a wife (11).
14. They are made to match and finally make one victorious on court (8).
15. An unwelcome guest, I turn red in confusion (8).
17. Companions when the short day is over (7).
18. Call the evidence of debts uncertain (7).
19. Rebukes with a chilly heart (6).
20. Poles with a poem in a copy of this journal (6).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No. 427

P	A	R	S	N	I	P	S		B	A	L	T	I	C
A		O		O		E			U		E		A	
C	O	V	E	N	T	R	Y		S	T	O	R	M	S
I		E		E		I			O		R		E	
F	I	R	S	T	S	T	O	P		C	H	A	R	M
Y		S				O		O		R		P		E
			P	E	N	E	T	R	A	T	I	O	N	
A		M		A		I		E		T		N		T
P	H	I	L	I	S	T	I	N	E	S				
P		L		N		I		T			A		S	
E	L	I	O	T		S	H	I	L	L	E	L	A	H
A		T		A			A		A		P		R	
S	C	A	B	B	Y		C	L	A	Y	M	O	R	E
E		T		L			L		E		R		W	
S	W	E	D	E	S		H	Y	D	R	A	T	E	D

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MAGDALEN HOSPITAL
CLASSIFYING
APPROVED SCHOOL

ADVERTISEMENT FOR PRINCIPAL

The Managers invite applications for the post of Principal (Woman) of the Magdalen Hospital Classifying Approved School, Streatham, SW16. This is one of the two Approved Schools in England and Wales where senior girls (14 to 17) are classified between committal by the Courts and admission to a School for training. The function of the Magdalen is to ensure by observation of needs and potentialities, and by investigation of history and background that each girl goes to the Training School best suited to her needs, and to furnish full information about her. This is pioneer work and calls for considerable powers of initiative, organisation and imagination.

Candidates must be practising members of the Church of England. Residential experience with adolescent girls would be an advantage, also understanding of psychology. Further particulars can be obtained from the Chairman.

Married status is no disadvantage. Self-contained flat available in grounds with residential emoluments. Salary £1,222 to £1,681 according to service, with the usual additions for training or degrees. There is a deduction of £195 for Board Residence. The post is superannuable under the Burnham Scale.

Letters should be sent to the Chairman of the Managers: Mrs M. Buchanan JP, 102 Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W1. Candidates should state age, previous experience and qualifications. Copies of recent testimonials should be submitted, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made.

HILL END HOSPITAL
ST ALBANS, HERTS
(For mental and nervous disorders)

PSYCHOLOGIST, full-time or part-time, required for adult work at the above Hospital within easy reach of Central London. Whitley Council Salary and conditions. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and naming two referees to the Hospital Secretary as soon as possible.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from qualified women preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, for post of Child Care Officer in Swindon. Salary within the scale of £665 to £975.

Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA
TEMPORARY ASSISTANT LECTURER IN GOVERNMENT

Applications are invited for a temporary Assistant Lectureship in Government in the Department of Political Theory and Government. The appointment will be for a period of two years. Salary on the scale £800 – £950 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience. FSSU benefits and family allowances.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics (six copies) must be received not later than 12 Nov. 1960.

BRISTOL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE (INC.)

Applications are invited for the post of SUPERVISOR OF STUDENT TRAINING. The Department accepts students from University Social Studies Courses and from Generic Courses as well as from the Home Office and the Institute of Almoners. Applicants should have a professional Casework qualification and experience in supervision. Salary according to qualification and experience but not less than £850 plus 5% superannuation contribution. The appointment is for three years in the first instance. Particulars from the General Secretary, Bristol Council of Social Service, 9 Elmdale Road, Bristol, 8.

UNITED BRISTOL HOSPITALS

Psychiatric Social Worker required (one of two) to work chiefly at the Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children (Inpatients and Outpatients) also at the Bristol Royal Infirmary (Psychiatric Adult Outpatients). Both hospitals are in the teaching hospital group and the former is in close association with the University Department of Child Health. Whitley Council salary scales and conditions of service. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Bristol 2.

POWICK HOSPITAL, NEAR WORCESTER
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Applications to Med. Supt, who will be glad to supply further information.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon (Coeducational Boarding School). Required in January or possibly later teacher (woman preferred) to take charge of Geography teaching in the Senior School (13 to 18) including Ordinary and Advanced Level. Residence preferred and ability to help with other school activities desirable. Apply to Joint Principals, Mr & Mrs H. A. T. Child, at the School.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Trained child care officers are urgently needed. This is a worthwhile career for men and women in an expanding service. One year university courses are provided for those with university qualifications in social science. Candidates with teaching, health visiting or comparable qualifications are also invited to apply and can be considered for certain courses. There are specially designed courses for graduates in subjects other than social science which can be started in August and completed at the end of the following year. Two year courses designed for persons over 25 years of age with relevant experience who do not have university entrance qualifications are also available. Grants are awarded where needed.

For information about courses starting in 1961 write to the Central Training Council in Child Care (57E), Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1.

BRISTOL (near): KINGSWOOD TRAINING AND CLASSIFYING SCHOOLS,
Kennard Road, Kingswood.

Principal: R. H. Adams, MA, BSc.

An additional Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Caseworker of either sex required for the Classifying School. This is an Approved School for boys aged 8-17 years who are under observation for a short period of several weeks. Modern buildings with easy access to Bristol. The person appointed will undertake diagnostic interviews with parents and boys and will be a key member of the assessment team including psychiatrist, psychologists, teachers and housemparents. The intake of the school covers a wide area including South Wales, Midlands and South West of England. The work is interesting and varied.

Salary – dependent upon qualifications and experience.

If resident, the charge for board and lodging in a small, self-contained flat is £120 p.a.

Application forms and further details from the Principal.

WARDEN (woman) required for Hostel for Blind, London. Candidates must have had good experience of this type of work, but not necessarily with blind people. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing giving full particulars to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland Street, London, W1.

SOLICITORS (Aldwych) require assistant solicitor (aged 25-30) principally for conveyancing and probate. Newly admitted solicitor would be considered if sufficiently experienced during articles. Applicant should be keen lawyer. Salary according to experience and ability. Box 8140.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
APPOINTMENT OF AREA CHILD CARE OFFICER (APT IV)

For the purposes of the child care (field) work of the Department, the city is divided into four areas, each under the supervision of an Area Child Care Officer. One of these posts now falls vacant as a result of retirement.

Applicants should possess a social science qualification and/or the Home Office Child Care Officer's Certificate and have at least five years' experience of this type of work. Administrative ability is essential. No caseload. Further details from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. (P.O. Box 93).

Closing date for applications 15 Nov 1960.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE
GIRLS' REMAND HOME, HASSOCKS

DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT required for this Remand Home for 18 girls at Hassocks, near Haywards Heath. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience on a scale of 5 increments within the range £715 – £1,135, or Burnham Scale for qualified teachers, less an emolument charge of £135 per annum. Experience of work with adolescent girls and proficiency in art, craft, housekeeping and hobbies desirable.

The appointment is superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms (s.a.e.) and particulars from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within fourteen days from this advertisement.

ESSEX
BRAYS GROVE YOUTH CENTRE, TRACYES ROAD, HARLOW

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities for over 300 members. Candidates should possess a degree, teaching certificate or certificate in social studies or youth leadership and must have had experience in youth work.

Salary scale in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scale for Youth Wardens, viz. £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions.

Housing accommodation may be available for successful applicant.

Details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 14 November 1960.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £32 10s. per month rising to £40 less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WILTSHIRE ASSOCIATION OF YOUTH CLUBS

Applications are invited from men or women for the post of ORGANISING SECRETARY of the above Association. Experience of Youth Club work essential. Commencing salary (depending on qualifications and experience) from £700 to £800 x £25 to £950. Superannuable. Considerable scope in the coming years for the right person. Particulars from the Chairman, Mrs Morrison, South Wraxhall Manor, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Now is the time for all wise girls to start thinking of settling into permanent work. Secretaries, typists and all grades of clerical staff are well placed by

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436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

Licensed Annually by LCC.

Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

MINISTRY of Health: Hospitals Research and Development Unit. Applications are invited from Registered Architects (men and women) for four (two Main, two Basic Grade) unestablished posts in London for a period of at least twelve months. Applicants should have experience of client-architect briefing, collaboration with engineers, manufacturers, or research organisations in the development of new techniques or specialist services, and of design cost data. No previous hospital building experience necessary. Duties include examination of current schemes and collation of past and current experience in the planning, design, construction and building costs of hospital and other health buildings, the production of Hospital Building Notes and the design of buildings for development purposes. Salary: (Main Grade) £1,325-£1,780, (Basic Grade) £830-£1,300. Commencing salary dependent on age, qualifications and experience. Five-day week. Applications (two copies) stating nationality, date of birth, qualifications, experience, present appointment and three referees to the Director of Establishments and Organisation, Ministry of Health, Savile Row, London, W1, by 11 November 1960.

AMENDED Advertisement. Assistant Director of Examinations (English). Pensionable post in the Civil Service Commission, London, for graduate (man or woman), preferably with first class honours, in English or in English with another subject. Experience of school or university teaching desirable; experience of examining, interviewing, or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to Final Honours level, interviewing and administrative work concerned with recruitment. Selection by interview. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,165 (age 28) - £2,210. Teaching service may be aggregated with civil service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form, quoting 5200/60. Closing date 7 November 1960. Candidates who have already applied need not write again.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Palmerston North University College. Principalship. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. It is desired that applicants shall have had experience as members of the academic staff of a University and that they should possess ability in educational administration. The salary will be at the rate of £2,800 per annum. There is an entertainment allowance paid at the rate of £50 per annum. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 Dec. 1960.

UNIVERSITY College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Applications are invited for additional Lectureships in each of the following: Economics, Education, History. Salary scales: Grade I £1,600 x 50 - £1,900 p.a., Grade II £1,350 x 50 - £1,600 p.a., entry point determined by qualifications and experience. Passages to Salisbury for appointee, wife and dependent children on appointment, with allowance for transport of effects. Superannuation and Medical Aid Schemes. Unfurnished accommodation at rent of 15% of salary. Assistance given for triennial visits overseas. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 5 December 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Appointment of Managing Secretary to the Students' Union Management Committee. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The appointee should have academic qualifications which would warrant his appointment as a lecturer or preferably a senior lecturer in one of the University departments; he should be known to have an interest in students and to be acceptable to them; he should have executive capacity; and for preference, he should have an informed interest in drama, music or the visual arts. It would be an additional qualification if the appointee had business capacity or experience. The salary scale attaching to the position is £1,900 per annum, rising by two annual increments of £100 and one increment of £50 to £2,150 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An entertainment allowance of £50 per annum will be paid. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 Dec. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Salary: £A1,730 x 105 - £A2,435 p.a. In addition cost-of-living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 November 1960.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Post of Librarian. Applications are invited for the post of Librarian. The salary attached to the post will be according to the scale £2,400 x 60 - £2,700. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund and of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory. Intending applicants are advised to obtain further information regarding the vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in S. Africa and London, on 30 Nov. 1960.

BBC requires Programme Organiser for its Greek Service (British subject). Duties include planning and supervision of programmes in Greek for Greece, allocation of duties to Programme Assistants, initiating, writing and editing of scripts. Sound up-to-date knowledge of Anglo-Greek relations, interest in world affairs and good knowledge of the Greek language and people are essential. Salary £1,395 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,730 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G.530/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant, Topical Talks Unit, African, Caribbean and Colonial Services (British subject). Duties include writing short news talks for translation and broadcasting in African Service programmes and broadcasting news talks for programmes in English. Good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics, proved ability to write well and to think and work quickly essential. Special knowledge of East or West Africa, residence or travel in the area and previous experience of writing on affairs in this field an advantage. Previous broadcasting experience not essential. Short-listed candidates will be asked to undergo a test. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G.533/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Family Case-work. Social Workers required in Public Health Department to work with problem families. Work with each family is usually prolonged and intensive; to make this possible case loads are small (10 to 15 families). By this means it is hoped to help such families to become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. Special importance is attached to the aim of preventing the repetition of the problem family pattern in the next generation. Experience in family casework essential; relevant professional training desirable. £665-£965 (under review) according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/NS/2537/10), County Hall, SE1. Closing date: 14 days after appearance of advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Mathematics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of External Studies. Applicants should possess an Honours degree in Mathematics. Salary range £A1,830 - 70 - £A2,330. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff in the University of Queensland. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 19 November 1960.

BBC requires Production Assistant in School Broadcasting (Television) to specialise, in first instance, in field of Current Affairs programmes and programmes on Careers for Secondary Schools, working under guidance of a producer. University degree, genuine interest in the education of the average child, and the visual imagination to exploit television for this purpose are essential. Experience of teaching, journalism or work in television or films are desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G.529/N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, Lond., W1, within five days.

BBC requires Children's Hour Assistant in Bangor. Duties include preparation and production of programmes in English and Welsh of various types for children. Qualifications required: good general education, enterprise in finding suitable material, ability to write scripts and edit the work of others. The post calls for experience of dramatic production especially, and organising ability. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G.531/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Senior Mental Welfare Officers (men or women), preferably holding social science qualification, required for duties under Mental Health Act, 1959, as members of divisional mental health social worker teams and to undertake night and weekend duty on rota basis at County Hall. £940-£1,300 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and application form from Medical Officer of Health, (D.1/NS/2638/10), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 14 November 1960.

STANLEY House. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Warden full-time at the above community centre Liverpool 8. The duties of the Assistant Warden will be to assist with the organisation of Social and Recreational Activities for a mixed membership of some 300 adults from Liverpool and Commonwealth Countries. Candidates should have had previous experience in Social and/or Youth work. Salary £500 per annum, residential accommodation including fuel and lighting is available at the centre. Application forms may be obtained from the Secretary Warden, Stanley House, 130 Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool, and should be returned as soon as possible.

FAMILY Service Units require experienced caseworker to take charge of small Unit in Leicester. Person appointed would be responsible to Local Committee for administration of Unit, supervision of 2/3 caseworkers, student training and small case-load. Psychiatric consultation available. Adequate clerical help. Salary on scale £725/35/1,145. Write: Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

BRAIN-Waves. There are vacancies for two girls (aged 18-25) to train as electroencephalographic (EEG) recordists in a world-famous neurologist hospital. Salary will be paid during training and, if satisfactory, the candidates will be given permanent appointments after one year. The work is interesting and can be rewarding; it brings the recordist into contact with patients and with students from many lands. The working conditions are excellent and the salary is according to Whitley scales. Candidates should be of good personality, able to deal with people, and should have Matriculation or equivalent, preferably with a science bias. Nursing or other medical auxiliary experience might offset some slight failure to reach the required educational standard. Applications in writing to The Secretary to The Board of Governors, The National Hospital, Queen Square, WC1.

ADMINISTRATION. Secretary wanted to co-ordinate and build up work at FPA clinic in Southwark. Sense of vocation and administrative experience essential. Some evening work with compensating free time during the day. Commencing salary £500 p.a. Apply in writing to Branch Organisation Secretary, FPA, 64 Sloane Street, SW1. Closing date 12 Nov.

LEADING Knightsbridge Antique Dealers require permanent confidential Secretary willing to assist on the sales side of business. Thorough secretarial experience essential but no previous knowledge of antiques necessary. Please state age, qualifications and salary required. Box 8111.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PADDINGTON General Hospital, Harrow Road, W9. Young lady required as Student Electrocardiograph Technician with training at two large General Hospitals. Interesting post offered with training allowance of £210 per annum at age 17 to £285 per annum at age 21. GCE or equivalent desirable. Further details from the Technician at Paddington General Hospital. CUNningham 4884 (Ext. 327). Applications to Hospital Secretary.

WHY not be a Tuberculosis Nurse? You can become a fully trained Tuberculosis Nurse in two years. Training allowance £285-£300 a year, plus dependants' allowance. Staff Nurses' salary £485-£605 payable on passing final examination. Modern Nurses' Home. Separate bedrooms. Good recreational facilities. 15 miles from London. Excellent train and 'bus services to Metropolis, coast and Kent countryside. Write now to the Matron, The Bow Arrow Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

BANSTEAD Hospital, Sutton, Surrey. Applications are invited for interesting post in Mother & Baby Unit. Applicants should be over 24 years of age. Shorthand and Typing required. Initiative and responsibility essential as home visiting is expected. Salary: £550 rising by annual increments to £665 per annum, plus London Weighting £30 per annum (age 26 and over). Applications stating age, experience, qualifications, and names of two referees, should be forwarded to Dr A. A. Baker, Deputy Physician Superintendent, Banstead Hospital, Sutton, Surrey.

PERSONAL Assistant required by Area Secretary, Family Welfare Association, to administer record systems and general office procedures. Good typist needed, shorthand desirable, knowledge social services an asset. Will head small clerical staff. Valuable, interesting work. Scale £500 x £20 - £720. Apply: PA Appointment, FWA, 59 Myddleton Square, EC1.

PLAY Centre Organiser wanted to work with young children and girls. Salary £500/£750 according to age and qualifications. Apply Warden, Manchester University Settlement, 20 Every St, M/C 4.

LIBRARIAN/Information Officer required for contemporary architect's office. Pleasant working conditions. No Saturdays. Interest in modern architecture essential. Write with full particulars to Edward D. Mills & Partners, 9-11 Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, London, W1.

FILING: First assistant in Central Registry of the Nuffield Foundation. Written applications to the undersigned, stating knowledge of filing systems, experience, age, education and names of 2 referees, and salary required. Congenial conditions, lunch club, contributory superannuation, 4 weeks leave annually. The Director, The Nuffield Foundation, Nuffield Lodge, Regent's Park, London, NW1.

SECRETARY required for Physics Department at University College London (Gower St, WC1) and as personal secretary to Professor Sir Harrie Massey; secretarial experience in scientific work essential; high speeds shorthand and typing. Responsible post for competent secretary aged preferably 28-38. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

AUTHORS' agent requires intelligent assistant, interesting work, short hours, some typing but shorthand not essential. Apply Box 8091.

EMBASSY reqs Secretary S/T., 22/30. Hrs 10-5 & no Sats. Apply Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

FINNISH Designs Ltd require a young lady for show-rooms. Permanent. £9 per week. Ring GERrard 3434.

PUBLIC Relations Consultant requires Secretary/Sh.-typist, Fleet Street office. Salary according to experience. Ring Stephens, FLE. 5828.

PART-time editorial assistant (female) for London Diary Publications. Accurate typing essential and interest in the Arts useful. Write 18 Bedford Sq., WC1.

SEC. 20/25 for Editor of Publishers WC2. 9.30-5.30. Sal. to £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A SHORTHAND and copy typist wanted as junior assistant by research organisation. Must have good typing speed and accuracy. Pleasant office conditions and interesting work. 5 day week. Ten minutes from Liverpool Street. Salary in the range £520-£572. Apply in writing: Secretary, Institute of Community Studies, 18 Victoria Park Square, E2.

MR G..... may win but you can win with a good job from The Winifred Johnson Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

AU pair girl wanted urgently. Schoolmaster's household. Baby 6 months. £2 wkly. London 50 mins. Tel. Watford 29618.

AU pair girl urg reqd. Recommendations wdc. Northwood, Middx area. Mod.

APPOINTMENTS VAC.—contd on p.674 bse. Congenial condits & terms. Box 8113.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries and Receptionists required for Drs, Dentists and Hospitals. Perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCH graduate (Licence ès Lettres) seeks post in English school or University as assistant teacher of the French language; full or part-time; University town preíd; also trained to teach music (Paris Conservatoire). *Ref.* obtainable from Melle Verrier, French Institute, London, SW7. Apply: Melle M.C. Denis, 4 Place Goblet, Amiens, Somme, France.

HAVE talent with people. Will travel. Preferably based on central London. Woman with organising ability, lively interest in current affairs, wide general knowledge, industrial personnel experience, friendly disposition, all this, and fluent French – There must be a job to fit my capabilities. You have it? I want it! Box 8077.

ENGLISH widow of Nigerian doctor requires post. Two children. SRN, SCM. Anything considered. Box 8199.

WOULD anyone in WC1 give work to unsuccessful writer? Can type. Box 8166.

GERMAN teacher, bi-ling., sks pt-time/home work; transl./typ. Box 8121.

RUSSIAN typist interpreter, knowl. German, French, sks prog. posn. Wide commercial, Academic research exp. Box 8080.

HONS grad. f. 24, Mod. Langs, able to drive, sks interesting post. Box 8124.

CHEF, good private service, hotel and restaurant exp. and exp. management priv. hotel, chambers etc. sks post. Carter, The Mill Stream, Amersham, Bucks.

FRENCHMAN 19, stud. Baccalaureat standard, sks post Assistant Teacher SE England, outside London pref. Box 8116.

BOOKKEEPER accountant/cashier seeks position of trust in firm where competence and own initiative is appreciated. Long experience in all office work and organisation. Continent and England. Best references. Box 7996.

GERMAN-English Secretary. Shorthand-typist seeks Saturday work. Box 8038.

ENERGETIC Portuguese graduette (Languages), seeks responsible post, teaching, commerce etc. Box 8262.

MALE post-graduate needs part-time work. Office, nursing experience. Consider anything. RIVerside 7494.

EXPERIENCED secretary, considerable organising ability, seeks part-time typing. Own machine. SPE. 7132.

FELLOWSHIPS & GRANTS

LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS

Fellowships & Grants, 1961

Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants in aid of research. These awards are intended for senior workers of established position and are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom; in exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence.

No subject of enquiry is excluded from consideration but preference is given to subjects in which existing provision for research is inadequate.

The duration of the awards does not extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount depends on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant.

Application must be made on Form F obtainable together with further details from the Secretary, Leverhulme Research Awards, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4.

The closing date is 31 December 1960. Results will be announced in May and the awards will normally date from 1 September 1961.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating, and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St. W1. MAYfair 5091.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing (tapes, etc.), private lessons shorthand/typing. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, Friern Barnet, N11. ENT 3324.

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MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Transins, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

TYPING, etc.—continued

DUPLICATG, Typing MSS. Mod. chgs. M Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Ex.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts MSS., Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave (Oxford St end), WC2. COV. 1817.

TYPING (shorthand), duplicating, undertaken. Tel. mornings AMB. 6191.

FRENCH, Italian transins into Engl. MSS &c. done promptly. Box 8138.

PERSONAL

MUSIC student, male 19, studying Düsseldorf January to July, seeks family hospitality there. Possibly exchange, Oxford district. Box 8122.

LONDON University BSc. Gown, Hood and Cap required. Box 8213.

PLEASANT villa Cap d'Antibes, dining-room/lounge, 2 double bedrooms, kitchen & lobby, bathroom, w.c. Tiny garden. 1 minute sea. Box 8201.

TUTOR wntd to teach English for GCE to boy of 14. Tel. SHE. 7655 aft. 7.

INTERNATIONAL Christmas Week. Friendship Hse, Bückeburg, Germany. 22-29 Dec. Festivities, Excursions, discussions. Africans, Asians, Americans, join us! Write A. Brocklehurst, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1.

STUDENT (f) wishes share flat NW Lond, or meet same view to share. Box 8249.

URGENT. Motherly type wanted 2 days p.w. to mind teacher's child 15 mths. Golders Gn area. Ring NORth 5341.

NOVELIST grad. & teacher, 42, sks writing/edit. post in TV. Box 8083.

HELP Aged Refugees overseas by using our Christmas Cards, including a special card commemorating Britain's part in World Refugee Year. Sample set of 9 varied cards 5s. post paid. Published by the Trustees, Voluntary and Christian Service, 139 Oxford St, W1.

PLEASING accent and speech taught; private lessons. Box 8210.

SEMI-furn. room given exchange for French lessons. Cen. Lon. Box 8231.

MAKING Friends in a Divided World. The Friends Service Council (Quakers) welcomes gifts and legacies for its international service overseas. FSC (26), Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

RELUCTANT to pay £4,500 for dreary suburban semi, couple plan buying spacious house in nice residential area Willesden Green, with garden, large rooms, for about £6,500, for conversion into two completely separated flats. Any partner? Box 8034.

CHILDREN'S Residential Nursery. Mrs Ayris, Hockley, Essex.

DO you wear spectacles? Tired and strained eyes can be treated by Dr W. H. Bates' method of relaxation at a London Clinic. LANgham 3626 for partics.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Exclusive designs by contemporaries, Annigoni, Ayrton, Bawden, Moore, etc. etc. and old master. Please send stamped addressed envelope for illustrated leaflet. Polio Research Fund, Vincent House, Vincent Square, London, SW1.

YOUR portrait in oils at a moderate price. One or two sittings only at Kensington studio. Kristin Berge, PAR. 5777.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains. Garlisol Tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organs. Not habit forming. Send 52s 6d for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s 6d (3 months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

YOU can Write for Profit – with Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training brings you writing success. Benefit also from The Writer, plus two practical writing encyclopaedias – free! Send for Free N2 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition), BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, Lon. W1.

VETERINARY Fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity are covered by Canine Insurance. Dogs get run over, die prematurely from disease or poison, cause accidents, get lost, etc. Is your dog covered by insurance? Reasonable premiums. Write at once for free brochure. Canine Insurance Assn, 90 Gracechurch St, London, EC3. (Estab. over a quarter of a century.)

SWIMMING and sunbathing on the Costa del Sol, skiing in the Sierra Nevada, fiestas and flamenco, superb courses in Spanish language, literature, art, at the International Holiday Schools in Granada, Christmas, Easter and Summer. Send International Postal Coupon for details to Instituto de Lenguas Modernas (NN), Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher. Speedy results guaranteed. Box 7428.

PERSONAL—continued

ARTS, Music & Discussion Club, Hampstead; to be formed co-operatively, premises available (dingy large basement) needs cleaning & fitting; below restaurant, Chicken Bar, 42 High Street, NW3. £1 shares contemplated, or suggestions please to Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

BARGAIN Original Paintings by top men 1790-1960 at reproduction prices £1-£10 at Collectors Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11 (upstairs over Olafs). Starts 29 October. Open all day Saturdays 10-6. All schools, all periods, all bargains.

NORWEGIAN Furn. & Designs. Overgaard, 31 Connaught St, W2. AMB. 8209.

CARAVEL Press Christmas Cards on show 11 Moxon St, Marylebone, W1. HUN 0492.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts. Learn to write Drama, Comedy, Serials, etc., from practising professionals. Write to TV Writing School, Dept 318, 14 Sackville St, W1, or phone REGent 0721 stating any special interest.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) au pair (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying mn. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806.

THEATREMINDED? The Questors, Ealing, welcome new members. Subscription 30s. per annum, includes discussions, lectures and free seats at Questors productions. New Theatre shortly under construction. Apply EAL. 5184.

HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men, reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley), 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

TV Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Postal course by leading TV Script Writers, Producers and Directors. The highest paying writing market in the world.

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IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free for postal shopping. Dept NS, 94 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

LONDON School of Bridge, 18 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN. 7201. Club attached.

VIOLENCE, William Blake, Pressure to Conform, Progressive Cinema; these are subjects of recent conferences run by the Progressive League (NS), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2. Join now.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. T/191A), Palace Gate, London, W8.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses', may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LAN. 3626 & Brighton 52663).

EVEN if you don't want pictures at an exhibition, there are probably some photographs which Anthony Panting could take for you either on site or at 30 Abbey Gardens in St John's Wood.

PRACTICAL Criticism: How to Read Rewardingly' 25-28 Nov. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Pewter Jewelry'.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

GUITAR Lessons Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

POEMS wanted: send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'LABOUR and the Bomb'. Copies of this pamphlet are avail. from The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 14 Tib Lane, Cross St, Manchester 2. Price 9d. p.f.

'WHICH?' reports, based on scientific tests and independent surveys, are unbiased and factual. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

CONTRIBUTIONS invited for Peter Owen's poetry and literary prose anthology, Springtime 3. S.a.e.'s please. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Rd, SW7.

OCTOBER Labour Monthly: Labour's Future, R. Palme Dutt; Turning Point in Trade Unionism, Robert Willis. Antidote for defeatism, R. Kelley, MP. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

FUTURE of TV; Company Pension Schemes; St Pancras Rents. Labour Research, 1s. 2d. p.f., 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

TRAVERSI: Approach to Shakespeare, 8s. 6d. (post 1s.). From Lloyd's Bookshop, 64 High St, Wimbledon. WIM. 6723.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.676

CENTRAL Africa Speaks to Britain! Hear the African official Representatives! Campaign Tour – 31 Oct.-14 Nov. 31 October (Monday), 7.30 p.m. – St Pancras Town Hall, Joshua Nkomo – Southern Rhodesia; Mainza Chona – Northern Rhodesia; A. Mkandawire – Nyasaland. These speakers have been officially nominated by their African Parties to speak on their behalf. Supported by – John Stonehouse, MP. Chairman – Fenner Brockway, MP. Tickets, 2s 6d reserved from MCF. 1s 6d at door. For details of Provincial Meetings see local press. 1 Nov. – Reading (Small Town Hall). 2 Nov. – Bristol (Central Hall). 3 Nov. – Mountain Ash (Nixon Ballroom). 4 Nov. – Liverpool (Central Hall). 5 Nov. – Glasgow (Iona Community House). 6 Nov. – Aberdeen (Music Hall's Ballroom). 7 Nov. – Edinburgh (Epworth Halls). 8 Nov. – Newcastle-on-Tyne (YMCA). 9 Nov. – Manchester (Co-op Hall). 10 Nov. – Leeds (Peoples Hall), Shipley (Northcliffe Secondary Modern). 11 Nov. – Birmingham (Midland Institute). 12 Nov. – Norwich (St Crispin Hall). 13 Nov. – Cambridge (Union). 14 Nov. – Oxford (Union). Organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Grays Inn Rd, Lond. WC1.

THE 14th Eddington Memorial Lecture will be given at Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1, on Thursday, 3 November 1960, at 6 p.m. by Dr William H. Thorpe, FRS. Subject: 'Biology, Psychology and Belief' The Lecture is free and open to all.

REPORT on Africa. Two lectures, by Colin Leys ('African Politics') and Mrs Shirley Williams ('Economic Conditions in the New Africa'), at 3 and 5 p.m. on Saturday, 29 Oct. 1960, at Goldsmiths' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (TID. 2266). Fee 1s. per lecture; tickets in advance, or at the door. Further details on application.

'FINSBURY Story': Stella Mary Pearce (organiser) and Frederick Crooke (designer) discuss 'The Scenery of 'The Finsbury Story'', with illustrations. Tues. 1 Nov., 8.30. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave). Arr. Finsbury Art Group. Non-members 1s. 6d.

HALDANE Society. John Williams will speak on his book 'Accidents & Ill-health at work'. Tues. 1 Nov., 6.30 p.m. Mitre Tavern, Chancery Lane.

SHAW Society. Emrys Hughes, MP, on 'My Memories of Shaw' – at The National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, Thursday 3 November 1960, at 7 p.m.

CHERUBINI: lecture recital on Cherubini's Operas by Tom Hammond and singers from the Sadler's Wells Opera. Mon. 31 Oct., 7.30. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave (nr Sadler's Wells). Adm. free.

METAPHYSICS, Psychology and Philosophy. First Thursday of every month, 7 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Victoria. 3s. Lecture & discn.

PERSONALIST Group: J. B. Coates on 'A Defence of Sartre', Conway Hall, Wed. 2 Nov., 7.30 p.m.

SCHOPENHAUER Society. Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs. 3 Nov. 'Space, Time, and Causality'. Admission free.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 30 Oct. Richard Clements OBE, 'Aneurin Bevan – Humanist Statesman'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 1 Nov. Richard Pear, 'Selecting and Electing an American President'. Open discussion. Write for free literature.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 2 Nov., 6.30. 'Nepal as I saw it'. Illustrated lecture by Mrs M. H. Robins. Also Sat. 5 Nov. and alternate Saturdays, Children's Class at 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information: TAT. 1313.

MEET women's delegation received by Madame Khrushchov. Hear her message to British women, Friday 4 November, 7.30 p.m., Alliance Hall, Caxton St, SW1. Adm. 1s.

BRAINS Trust in Reverse – New Jewish Society, Wed. 2 Nov., Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1, at 8 p.m.

COLIN Wilson will talk on 'Ritual in the Dark' in original J.T.R. setting. Mon. next 31 Oct., 8 p.m. Toynbee Hall, E1. Dtls: Eric Moonman, Fabians, BIS. 9365.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 30 Oct., 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Furnishing the Mind': H. J. Blackham.

FOR British Soviet Friendship! Rally at Central Hall, Westminster Sat. 26 Nov. (7.45 p.m.). Speakers include the Soviet Ambassador, Dean of Canterbury, Lord Chorley, John Gollan, Brit. and Soviet artistes incl. Constance Shacklock. Res. seats 5s. and 2s. 6d. (unres. 1s.) from BSFS, 36, Spencer St, EC1.

40th Anniversary, Communist Party. Bill Alexander (Asst. Gen. Secretary) on 'Which Way for Britain?' Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3. Tues. 1 Nov., 8 p.m. Admn 6d. All welcome.

POETRY to Blues. Partisan, Carlisle St, Soho, Sat. 29 Oct., 9 p.m. 2s 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Max Mitchell: 'Life in Israel Today' (illus.). 8.30. Fri. 4 Nov. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

THEOSOPHY v. Spiritualism.' Public lecture, 30 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Johnson and Boswell as Biographers' will be delivered by Professor J. Butt (Edinburgh) at 5.30 p.m. on 7 and 9 November at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Military Balance Sheet of World War II' will be delivered by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart at 5.30 p.m. on 8 and 10 November at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, EC2. Tel. MONarch 2433. Four Lectures on 'Three Neglected Romantics' will be given by Prof. Bonamy Dobrée, MA, (Gresham Professor in Rhetoric) on Mon. to Thurs. 31 Oct. to 3 Nov. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses (1) Cours de Langue et de Civilisation Françaises (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses. Lesson-by-lesson Coaching by French teachers. Combined class/correspondence Courses. Easy payments. Send for prospectus Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2.

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CHINESE Correspondence College; Mandarin, Cantonese, Japanese conversation 4 stages, 'O', 'A' levels, Scient. Chinese on Mon., Tues., Thurs. 6.30-8, 8-9.30 p.m. Postal courses to BA level with recorded tapes fr. 37s. 6d. a spool. Priv. tuit. Dept NS2, 13 Park Ave. Nth, London, N8. MOU. 2615.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

SPANISH Special Wkend Course, 5-6 Nov. Conversn, pronunciation, idioms, grammar. Also Evg Classes. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202.

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SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARK 4654.

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8, Th. 2.30, S. 5 & 8. 'Abelard & Heloise'. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Thurs. 2.30. S. 5.0 & 8.15. Chekhov's 'Platonov' with Rex Harrison. Must end 19 Nov.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Sparrers Can't Sing'.

TOWER. 7.30. 27, 28, 29 Oct.: 'Cherry Orchard'. 4, 5, (mems. 6), 10, 11, 12 Nov.: 'View from the Bridge' – CAN. 3473 (before 6). CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' & L'Après-midi de Mr Shaw'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Prod. reading new West Indian play, 'Climate of Concern', Sun. 30 Oct., 4.30 p.m. Adm. free.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Dear Brutus' by James Barrie. 2.30 and 7.30, 31 Oct., 1, 2 Nov. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

MERMAID Theatre (CIT. 7656)
SUN. 30 OCTOBER, 7.30

THE SUK TRIO
Trio in D Major – Haydn
Trio in D Minor – Schumann
'Dumky' Trio in E Minor op. 90 Dvorak

Tickets: 5s., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Theatre. Full details of Mermaid 'Music on Sundays' on application to Publicity Office.

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CONCERTS—continued

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PIANO Recital by Ernest Kynaston, Wimbledon Town Hall (15 mins Waterloo), Thursday 3 November, 7.45 p.m. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Chopin.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 5th Japanese Film Season: Until 30 Oct.: 'The Street of Shame' (X). From 31 Oct.: 'The Gate of Hell' (A).

CHINA'S Eleventh Anniversary Celebration. Mrs Sylvia Leeson Pianoforte, Miss Lee Soo Bee Soprano, Chinese Guests. 43, Hollycroft Avenue, NW3. Saturday, 29 October, 7.45 p.m. Tickets, incig Buffet Supper 5s. Hampstead BCFA.

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. Dancing to The Cosmo Combo Group. Saturday 29 October 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

DANCE, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. In aid of work of Danilo Dolce. Sat. 29 Oct., 7.30-11 p.m. Adm. 4s. Arranged by Young Humanists but all ages welcome.

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(Subsidiary Marlborough Fine Art Ltd)
Opening Exhibition:
GEORGES MATHIEU, Paintings & Water-colours.
Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.
28 Oct.-26 Nov.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. The Mysterious Sign, 27 October-3 December, Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems free.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

NIGERIAN Tribal Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 5 Nov. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BLUE Rider Group. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

MANZU Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 6 Nov Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

LYONEL Feininger Memorial Exhibition. City of York Art Gallery. 6 Oct.-5 Nov Weekdays 10-5, Sundays 2.30-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Prunella Clough: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1946-1960. Last three days. Today and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Pntgs Marek Zulawski, till 11 Nov.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Opening of New Premises – 2 Exhibitions: Van Gogh Self-Portraits; French Masters of the 19th Century. 5 Oct.-3 Nov. Daily 11-5. Sats 10.30-12.30. Adm. 3s. 6d. Students 1s. In aid of Central British Fund for Jewish Relief and Rehabilitation and WIZO Boys' and Girls' Clubs in Israel.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: New pictures by Mary Kessell, Ruszkowski. Colour prints by Blair Hughes-Stanton. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Leonor Fini – Paintings. From 2 Nov. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by I. W. Ward, Elvet Thomas and Clarisse Loxton-Peacock.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Terry Maesparran, to 10 November, 10-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Sculptures & Paintings by Bryan Kneale; New Paintings by Derek Middleton. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes 25 Nov.

MATTHIESEN Gallery, Jack Smith – Recent Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 12 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Cesar – Sculpture. Until 18 November. Daily 10-5.30 Sats 10-1

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Robin Philipson: Paintings; First London Exhibition. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. 24 October-12 November. Graham Metson; Eddie Wolfram; Joan Knoblock. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

COLLECTORS Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11 (upstairs). Original works by top men 1790-1960 at reproduction prices £1-£10. Daily (except Thurs.) 11-5: all day Saturday 10-6 Starts 29 Oct.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Frederick Feigl & Michael Foreman. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7

PAULINE Seaton: Paintings and drawings. John Barnes (in the Restaurant) 191 Finchley Rd, NW3. Mon.-Thurs. 9-5.30, Fri. 9-7, Sat. 9-1. 2-30 Nov.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. John Watson: Lithographs of the Racecourse. 1-26 November. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

MOLTON Gallery, Baram – Paintings & Collages. 26 Oct.-19 Nov. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

CEYLON: a painters' country. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Rd, SE5. Until 19 Nov. Wkdays 10-6, Suns 3-6. Free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NIR CLUB

CANCELLATION: Monday 31 Oct. Members' Meeting. All members should be at CND MEETING Central Hall.

TUES. 1 NOV.: 7.30 p.m. History of Socialism. 9.00 p.m. Current Affairs.

WED. 2 NOV.: 8 p.m. Record Evening – Songs of the Left. Members & friends invited to bring own records.

THURS. 3 NOV.: 8 p.m. Literature & Politics.

All meetings PARTISAN Basement, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dn Luis Burgos Boezo on 'La Sindicación y la Provisión Social Española' on 4 November at 6 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'GERMANY AND POLAND'
PUBLIC MEETING
in the CAXTON HALL (York Hall), Westminster, SW1.
Saturday, 29 October 1960, at 7.30 p.m.

'THE PRESENT GERMAN-POLISH FRONTIER IS FINAL AND INVIOLATE'

Speakers: Mr E. Meclewski, Editor in Chief Polish Western Press Agency, Warsaw. Dr J. Koraszewski, Director of the Silesian Institute, Katowice; Mr Hugh Delargy, MP, Member of Parliament for Thurrock, Essex.

Chairman: Mr H. Archutowski, Chairman Millenium Poloniae Committee, London.

ADMISSION FREE

THE FABIAN SOCIETY and CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY
Fabian Autumn Lectures.
Wednesday 2 November, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Tothill St, SW1.
THE CHANGING PATTERN OF SOCIETY: Alan Day.
Front rows 4s., other seats 2s. 6d. Series tickets still available: Front rows 12s. 6d., other seats 7s. 6d.
Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

LEFT SCIENTISTS GROUP OPEN MEETING:
Stanley Mayne (Gen. Sec. Institution of Professional Civil Servants) on Scientific Development: a Government Dichotomy.
Partisan, Carlisle Street, 8 p.m., Thurs. 3 Nov.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled 'New Prospects in Economic Analysis', will be delivered by Professor M. G. Kendall at 5.30 p.m. on 8 November at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Adm. free. 1 Nov. 'Kalendars, Almanacks, and Prognostications' by Mr A. Brown; 3 Nov. 'The Parthenon Frieze' by Professor C. M. Robertson.

THE London Society of Jews and Christians at 7 p.m., Thurs. 3 November at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, W1 (almost opposite Selfridges). The Very Rev. The Dean of St Paul's in the Chair. 'Christian Misconceptions of Judaism', Speaker Rabbi Dr L. I. Edgar. 'Jewish Misconceptions of Christianity'. Speaker The Rev. Canon Marcus Knight. All are welcome. Annual General Meeting at 6.30 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 28 Oct., 8 p.m. Pushkin Club Trip to Russia – Impressions, Part 2. Tues. 1 Nov., 8 p.m. Tahir Khan: 'Photo Impressions – Club Trip to Soviet Russia'. Fri. 4 Nov., 8 p.m. Prof. N. Gorodetsky: 'Approach to Tolstoy'.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Mervyn Jones on 'Changing Social Attitudes'. Crown P.H., B'heath Village, 8 p.m. Friday 4 Nov.

ADLERIAN Society. Psychological Films & Discussion: 'Children of the City'; 'Family Circus'. Tues. 1 Nov. 7.30 p.m. punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members welcome, 2s. 6d. Students 1s.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. 3 Nov. 8 p.m. Diana Raymond talks on 'The Literary Game'.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.675

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